

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XLIII, No. 15
WHOLE No. 1086

July 19, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

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Chronicle

Home News.—The second session of the Seventy-first Congress, one of the most turbulent in years, adjourned on July 3. Its close was marked by two signal victories for the Administration. After the House had come to the aid of the President in regard to the modified World War veterans' relief measure and the \$250,000 appropriation for the Wickersham Commission, opposition broke down in the Senate and that body adopted the two bills without further amendment.—Before adjournment Senator Glass had inserted in the *Congressional Record* an article by a prominent lay Methodist, criticizing Bishop Cannon, and Senator Norris, with permission of the Senate, added the published account of the Bishop's correspondence with Kable and Company, New York, as well as a fac-simile page from the firm's ledger.—On July 4, President Hoover signed the rivers and harbors bill, authorizing the expenditure of \$144,881,902, the beginning of the fifteen-year development program.

The principal accomplishments of the Seventy-first Congress were: the Hawley-Smoot tariff; the creation of the Federal Farm Board; the transfer of Prohibition enforcement from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice; an increase in pension rates for Spanish War veterans; inauguration of a pension system for

World War veterans; one-per-cent reduction in income taxes for 1929; reapportionment of representatives in the House of Representatives by States, and provisions for the census of 1930; appropriations for two new Federal penitentiaries and hospitals for sick convicts; approval of French War debt settlement; reorganization of Federal Power Commission; creation of a National Institute of Health; permanent establishment of the Radio Commission; appropriations for public-construction projects.

On July 7, in answer to President Hoover's summons, the special session of the Senate met to consider the ratification of the London Naval Treaty. Fifty-eight Senators were present. The first move on the part of the opposition was a resolution, introduced by Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, asking the President to submit to the Senate all letters, cablegrams, instructions, memoranda, and records pertaining to the London conference. The resolution took Administration leaders by surprise, and drew rebukes from Senator Reed, Robinson, of Arkansas, and Borah; but it was discovered that it would be supported by several Senators who favored the treaty. All the next day, July 8, and the following were consumed in futile dispute, with some Senators proposing amendments to the McKellar resolution. On July 9, Senator Black, Democrat, of Alabama, a supporter of the treaty, bitterly attacked the President, and asserted that the State Department, as a creation of Congress, had no authority to refuse the documents.—Finally, on July 10, the McKellar resolution, amended to read "if not incompatible with the public interest" was adopted by a vote of 53 to 4.

Australia.—As a preliminary move in his attempt to meet the budget deficit of \$68,000,000, Prime Minister Scullin introduced a series of drastic taxation proposals in the House of Representatives on July 9. Increases on existing customs duties would include one on gasoline of six cents a gallon, on tobacco of twelve cents a pound, on cigarettes of twenty-four cents a pound and on newsprint of five dollars a ton. An increase of postal charges on letters from three to four cents was also proposed, together with an increase on certain other postal matters. Individual income taxes, in cases where the total taxable income exceeds \$2,500 on any income from property, would be increased by fifteen per cent; on any income from personal exertion by ten per cent. It was estimated that the new taxes would yield \$62,500,000.

Bolivia.—The military junta, headed by General

Blanco Galindo, included the following officers: Colonels Osorio, Pando, Lanza, Gonzales Quint, and Bilbao. In an effort to bring civilians into the government, General Blanco Galindo appointed Tomas Manuel Elio, former Foreign Minister, and David Alevistegui to the Foreign Office, Carlos Calvo to the Ministry of the Interior and Justice, Rafael de Ugarte to the Ministry of Finance and Industry, and Carlos Tejada Soezano to the Ministry of Commerce and Communications. Daniel Sanchez de Bustamente was placed in charge of education.

China.—The conflict between the Government and the rebels of the Northern Alliance continued on the Northern Honan front. After failing to break through the rebel defenses in the center at Kaifeng, President Chiang Kai-shek said he was planning to wear down the poorly supplied rebel army and defeat them within a month. After a five-day battle, Nationalist forces shattered the Kwangsi Province rebellion in Southern Hunan. Communist bandits immediately began operations in this territory. They sacked the town of Yochow and fired upon American and British gunboats in the Yangtse River, killing Samuel Elkin, able-bodied seaman, on board the U. S. S. Guam. The American Legation at Peking will make representations to the Nationalist Government at Hankow on this latest attack.—Bandits also captured the Augustinian Father, Anacleto Fernandez, a sixty-year-old Spanish priest of the Changteh Mission, who had been working in China since 1902.

Czechoslovakia.—The present "Cabinet of Economic Concentration," as it is called, succeeded in placing some limits on the progress of agrarian and socialist policies. The deadlock, however, continued, which was caused by demands of the Socialists for increasing budget expenditures—their main bait for popularity—with a corresponding evasion of responsibility for the taxation needed to carry them out. Foreign trade for May showed a deficit of 78,000,000 crowns; and the outlook for the textile industry was very gloomy.

Protests were lodged, with little hope of being heeded, by the Czech Populists and the Czech National Democrats against the recent ordinance of Dr. Dréer, the Socialist Minister of Education, which aims to reduce the educational standard of the lower secondary schools (frequented by the "bourgeois" children) to the level of the higher elementary schools (frequented by the Socialist element), by abolishing in the former schools Latin and French.

France.—The progress in Franco-German relations, which seemed to have been accelerated by the recent French evacuation of the Rhine territory, encountered two formidable obstacles. One was the postponement, by mutual consent, of negotiations carried on by Dr. von Hoesch and M. Briand for the return of the Saar Basin to Ger-

many. The French Foreign Office issued a communiqué stating that serious divergencies existed on questions considered essential by both Governments, and that adjournment was the only alternative to a complete breakdown of negotiations. Both Governments hoped to resume the conversations in October. The other obstacle, which was linked up with the first by the press of both countries, was a series of separatist reprisals occurring just after French troops had left the Rhineland. Paris papers reported that homes of separatists were sacked by German citizens, and that blood had been shed, while the German police refrained from interference. Berlin papers, however, besides charging France with insincerity in the Saar Basin negotiations, lay the blame for the reprisals on German Fascist hooligans, who took advantage of the delay in the arrival of the local police after the departure of the French troops.

Germany.—On July 3 the Prussian Government officially forbade all civil servants and Prussian officials, including police, to hold membership in or in any way support the two extreme-wing parties, the National-Socialists (the Fascisti) and the Communists. The announcement said that "both parties can be regarded only as organizations whose aim is the forceful overthrow of the existing order." The proclamation, intended, perhaps, chiefly as a warning to a large number of officials, explained that "the duty of an official, sworn by oath, is irreconcilable with service in a party which combats the State with lawless means." In some quarters the announcement was taken as an official recognition of the increasing strength of the two parties and also of the possibility of an attempted "putsch" to establish a dictatorship and a "third Reich."

Great Britain.—Stanley Baldwin, Conservative leader, declined Premier MacDonald's invitation to a round-table conference on the unemployment situation. A high tariff, he said, was the one solution he was prepared to offer and he felt convinced that the Labor party, with its set policy of Free Trade, would refuse to consider it. Mr. Baldwin's position was strengthened somewhat with the issuance of a manifesto purporting to set forth the views of the leading financial figures of the country. The manifesto called upon the Government to raise up a tariff wall against foreign goods while leaving the home market open to goods produced within the Empire. The significance of the manifesto was said to lie in the fact that hitherto the British bankers have been the strongest supporters of Free Trade.—On July 9, the MacDonald Government escaped defeat by the narrow margin of three votes, on the Liberal amendment to Snowden's finance bill.

The seventh Lambeth conference of the Anglican Church was opened at Canterbury Cathedral on July 5. Dr. Cosmo Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury, gave an address of welcome in which he stressed the desirability of stronger "spiritual fellowship" among Christian people. Although church unity was but one of the six general

subjects before the conference it was expected that it would dominate the discussions this year as it did at the last Lambeth conference ten years ago. It seemed improbable, however, that the conference would touch very strongly on the question of union with the Holy See.

Hungary.—It was predicted that Archduke Otto, following the example of King Carol of Rumania, would ascend the throne next October when he comes of age.

Recent developments, however, have shaken the confidence of Hapsburg supporters. For not only has opposition shown its teeth in the Little Entente's threat of military action, but determined resistance has grown in Hungary itself. According to press reports the internal opposition comes from two sources in the peasants, "and more particularly the Protestant peasants, under the leadership of Bishop Desiderius Balthazar, and the 'free electors,' who defeated the last attempt of former Emperor Charles to return." General Julius Gömbös, Minister of War, stated that he was unalterably opposed to Otto's enthronement. Referring to the capture of Charles in 1921, he said "I stand fast by what I did in 1921, and I am now and forever against the continuation of the legitimist principle." Bishop Balthazar was reported to have said that the attempted Hapsburg restoration was merely a scheme to strengthen Premier Bethlen and his "landowner friends" in the possession of their privileges. The Premier in a speech to his constituents condemned any attempt at a Hapsburg restoration.

India.—According to a dispatch to the *New York Times*, the All-India Moslem Conference, which opened at Simla on July 4, censured the report of the Simon

Simon
Report

Commission as falling short of "the demands formulated by the All-India Moslem Conference in Delhi." Ad-

dresssing both houses of the National Legislature at Simla on July 9, Viceroy Lord Irwin gave definite assurances that the provisions of the report would not be considered as binding at the forthcoming round-table conference. Some improvement in the general situation in India was expected as a result of this address.

The campaign against British goods was intensified during "Boycott Week" but was not marked by any unusual disturbances. The use of a "Gandhi" stamp,

Nationalist
Activities

issued by the All-India National Congress, was forbidden by the authorities, who stated that letters to which it was

affixed would be promptly returned to the sender. The stamp bore a likeness of the bust of Gandhi, together with the words "Boycott Foreign Goods."—Vallabhai Patel, the new chairman of the All-India National Congress Committee, was released from prison after he had served a three months' sentence for sedition. In addressing his followers he urged them to persevere in their struggle for independence.

Italy.—A decree of June 27, seen by some as a direct reprisal for the American tariff, raises duties on foreign

cars. Although a comparison between the old and new rates is difficult, because the former were based on value and the latter on weight, importers estimated that there is a rise of 100 to 167 percent. Italy asserted that the question is purely commercial, a move to protect Italian manufacturers and laborers, and would not join other European nations in any political action which they might take. Others saw a move to force American manufacturers to establish branches in Italy to take advantage of Italian labor.

In an unofficial reply to Briand's proposal for a European Union, Premier Mussolini stated, on July 2, that the peace treaties made at the end of the War must be revised if Europe is to be pacified. This placed Italy, which has territorial claims to present, at the head of the discontented minority,—the German Nationals, who want a change in the matter of the Polish Corridor, Hungary, which considers itself harshly treated in the Trianon Treaty, and the minorities of Rumania and Jugoslavia. —On July 7, Foreign Minister Grandi made formal reply to the French proposal, promising willing cooperation in the discussions to be held in September. As preliminary steps to the discussion, however, he made some practical suggestions. Of these, the most important are equality of treatment for all nations in the union, the inclusion of those not in the League of Nations, therefore, Russia and Turkey, and the previous solution of the problem of disarmament.

Mexico.—After an absence of seven months, Ambassador Morrow returned to Mexico City in time to attend Independence Day celebrations. Because of Communistic

Ambassador
Morrow
Returns

attempts to demonstrate against him as he traveled south, he was heavily guarded by Mexican detectives while attending

festivities held by the American colony at the race track in the morning. During the day Mexican and United States flags flew from the principal business buildings, and the newspapers, besides devoting special editions to the celebration, displayed remarkable good will in their editorials.—Complete returns had not been received from the recent elections for members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies. All parties claimed a victory, but it seemed certain that President Ortiz Rubio's party had won. Public interest in the election was very slight. This probably accounts for the small number of fatalities that marked the election, two dead and fourteen wounded. The official statement issued by the Department of the Interior emphasized this point, noting that the tragedies were slight compared to former years.

Rumania.—The rumors that had been rife about Prince Carol since his dramatic flight back home from Paris and his election as king by Parliament on June 8, were silenced

Royal
Reconciliation

by the announcements that King Carol and his wife Queen Helen, had been reconciled; that legal proceedings for

the annulment of the divorce of Carol and Helen had

been instituted; that the reports of Mme. Magda Lupescu's return to Rumania were "inventions for propaganda purposes; that Mme. Lupescu, Carol's companion in exile, "will never return to Rumania"; and that Prince Barbu Stirbey, charged with the responsibility for the abdication of Carol, had left Rumania for France, where he will stay permanently. It was stated that Queen Helen and her son Michael had taken up residence in the summer palace at Sinaia, where they expected King Carol to join them as soon as the annulment was granted. Prince Michael was credited with having brought about the reconciliation in Bucharest. The Rumanian Socialists, through their leader, Dr. Jacob Pistiner, hailed the beginning of a new epoch in Rumania, "not because a change had taken place in the person of the King, but because this change has finally deprived the strong feudal party of the Liberals of its special position and thereby cleared the way for capitalist development."

Russia.—The Communist party convention in progress at Moscow justified its characterization as a mechanism for registering the policy adopted by the dominant Soviet leaders, in contrast to its former ostensible purpose of serving as a place of discussion for the views of its 1,500 delegates. The members accused of "Right" opposition to the Stalin policy, such as Rykov, Bucharin, and Uglanov, were forced to recant their former utterances still more humbly. Their mouthpiece, M. Bucharin, had advocated for Communists in foreign countries a policy of waiting and compromising with Socialist and syndicalist movements. This attitude was flatly condemned by M. Stalin who insisted on active warfare. It was thought that M. Rykov might be deprived of his post as President of the Council of Commissars, a position which more or less corresponds with that of Prime Minister in other countries; in which case the post would be taken by Joseph Stalin instead of his nominally insignificant but practically powerful position of General Secretary of the Communist party. The recent note of congratulation to Germany on the evacuation of the Rhine Sector sent by M. Litvinov, Soviet Foreign Secretary, was looked upon by observers as a bid for German credit, foreign credit being urgently needed for such developments as, for instance, the huge metallurgic, tractor, asbestos, cement, and other plants now under construction in the Urals whose exports were as yet unable to finance these enterprises, which were frankly acknowledged as preparatory to the needs of the country in case of war.

Spain.—King Alfonso was Honorary President of Missiology Week celebrated in Barcelona June 29-July 6. The sessions were devoted to a study of the missions as well as their relation to ethnology, philology, history and other sciences. Popular missionary propaganda meetings were held in the parishes during the week. The sessions closed with a field Mass and General Communion which was attended by 50,000 school and college students of Barcelona.—The leading bankers of Spain met in

Madrid on July 2 to consider means of restoring balance to the financial situation. They decided not to put into circulation the gold reserve in the Bank of Spain but to preserve it as a part guarantee of the paper money. Manuel Arguelles, Minister of Finance, stated in an interview with the press that it was impossible to fix a date for the stabilization of the Peseta on a gold basis. The Peseta declined to 8.66 to the dollar.

Vatican City.—After an illness of a few days, Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, died, July 9, in his ninety-fourth year, of an acute attack of nephritis complicated by heart failure. His place as Dean of the Sacred College passed to the senior Cardinal of the Curia or Cardinal Resident in Rome, in the order of elevation, Pietro Cardinal Gasparri.—Cardinal Vannutelli was born in 1836 at Genazzano. His career as a Prince of the Church was one of the most remarkable in the Sacred College. He knew six Popes and served five of them closely. He took part in four conclaves and in the celebration of two Holy Years. After two years as teacher of Theology at the Vatican, his diplomatic career started in 1863. In the course of this career he served at The Hague, at Brussels, at the ticklish post of Constantinople, Russia, and Lisbon. In 1889, he was created Cardinal by Leo XIII and thenceforth visited many countries as representative of the Pope at Eucharistic Congresses. After the Congress at Montreal in 1910, he visited the United States to take part in Archbishop Farley's consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Besides being a great traveler, he was a collector of books and pictures. A winning personality, he was always *persona gratissima* wherever he went. He was thirty-four years old when Pius IX lost his temporal power. He lived to see the Roman Question settled under Pius XI. At the time of his death he was Bishop of Ostia and Palestrina.

This year the Lithuanians, whose history is too little known, are celebrating the five-hundredth anniversary of the death of their national hero, Vytautas. Next week, Valentine Matelis will tell something of his story.

"The Working Girl's Problems" are always with us. A lady who knows a great deal about them, and writes under the name of Catherine Martin, will discuss them in a series of two important papers, the first of which will be published next week.

Philip Burke will contribute one of his characteristic sketches, "Metamorphosis," which, as he says himself, "has no point to it and gets nowhere."

Richard A. Muttkowski's friends traveling in an auto through the West come to a halt and are treated, in "Bugs and Politics," to another useful lesson by the Professor.

Recently there was held in Chicago, under the presidency of the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., the Second Annual Convention of the Sodalities of Our Lady. Constance D. Doyle will report its doings.

Missiology
Week

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1930

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

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SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:

Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

Telephone: Medallion 3082

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A copy of the Index for Volume XLII of AMERICA will be mailed to any subscriber on application to the publication office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

More and Faster Lynchings

IT appears that lynching is becoming the custom of the country in some of the States in the Southern tier. Law counts for little, in certain benighted parts of this country, and not all of them are South of the line. Whole communities seem to have lapsed back to barbarism. Let a white man be accused of serious crime, and he is at once attacked by a mob of Negroes. The officials either take part in these murders, or slink away trembling.

For "Negroes" read "white men," and for "white men," "Negroes," and the statements contained in the foregoing paragraph can be verified.

Whatever the offense of which these unfortunate Negroes may be accused, the offense of their murderers is greater. One is a crime—not proved, it must be remembered—against an individual; the other a crime against the very basis upon which the civilized State must rest. When men can be deprived of life without indictment, without trial, without evidence offered, upon mere accusation, or even upon suspicion of accusation, it is evident that life and property are secure in that community only as long as mobs of criminals refrain from attacking them.

Practically every lynching follows as the result of one or other cause. The first is a public official who is a coward, and the second is the public official who is a rascal. Often, however, both base qualities are found in the official, sworn to defend law and order.

As a relief against this shameful record, it must be recorded that a Southern sheriff recently routed a howling mob by going up to its leader, and knocking him down by a well-directed blow of his fist. A few years ago, another sheriff in the South put a mob to flight by drawing a revolver. If we are not in error, it was discovered later that the revolver was empty. Irvin Cobb tells the story of a Kentucky judge who turned a mob by patting

his pocket, which happened to be bulged out by a gun. All that is needed to scatter a mob is one man who will do his duty.

If the lynching record grows, something will happen at Washington. To call out the State militia after the mob has burned a Negro at the stake has long since ceased to be an impressive gesture. For a number of years, Congressman Dyer, of Missouri, and others, have been pressing a bill which proposes to put the Federal Government in charge in every State in which a lynching occurs. Mr. Dyer's bill follows the lines of the old force bills, and is based upon the practices of the so-called "reconstruction era" which scourged the South for years after the War between the States.

The bill is an abominable thing, quite as objectionable in its way as lynching itself. It will also prove very expensive to the local tax payers, since it levies heavy fines upon localities disgraced by lynchings. But unless some States can find a way of preventing lynchings, or of punishing lynchings summarily by the gallows, we prophesy that the Dyer bill is going to win the sanction of Congress.

A Game and a Debate

ON a bright afternoon last month the young men of Fordham University went out to their ball field to play a game with Syracuse University. Luck, or their wonted skill, was not with them. They were quite soundly trounced.

On the evening of that day, another group of young Fordhamites met the representatives of New York University to debate ways and means of establishing international peace. This contest they won easily.

Both events were chronicled by the newspapers on the following day. An earnest seeker would have sought long before coming upon an account of the debate, but the play-by-play story of the baseball game was recorded under staring headlines. One representative journal gave almost an inch of its valuable space to the debate, and just short of ten to the baseball game. Some had not even heard of the debate.

The newspapers would have us believe that they keep a careful finger on the pulse of general interest, so that in the matter of news they can give the public what the public desires. As this would be good business, and as the newspaper is a business concern, we have no doubt that, on the whole, the newspaper knows what the public wants. For one man interested in the result of an intercollegiate debate, ten demand to be supplied with the scores of the intercollegiate baseball games.

This conclusion does not flatter us. We Americans are supposed to be interested in education above all other public concerns. Every year we spend billions on it, and Americans, taking them by and large, do not pay for what they do not value.

But we shrink from the unflattering conclusion. Perhaps the public would be more interested in what goes on in our colleges, were the public permitted to know more about it. We do not contend that this desirable interest exists at present. Probably it does not. Within the last

year or two, the budding publicity departments of our Catholic colleges have been sending out more stories about the new library building and recent notable additions to the faculty, than about the new campus and the freshman athletes. This is an activity that should be encouraged. It will take time to demonstrate to the press, especially in New York and the larger cities, that a respectable portion of the public is interested in purely academic concerns. But it can be done.

Conscience and Citizenship

WHEN a Federal district judge declined to sign the naturalization petition of the Rev. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, because that gentleman refused to "give a blanket promise to support any and every future war," this Review expressed its regret that jingoism should be suffered to sit in a Federal tribunal. The judge, it was pointed out, was suffering from a species of mental obfuscation, the natural result of the philosophy which has been taught in far too many American colleges for the last fifty years, and more. Perhaps there was some excuse for his affliction, but it was none the less regrettable that it was allowed to color judicial opinions and direct judicial decisions.

Briefly, the philosophy of which we complain is the old pagan notion of which Hegel is the chief modern exponent. Hegel has been dead for a good many years, but his influence goes marching on. Hegel had no patience with the doctrine of natural rights, but an exalted idea of the rights of a monstrosity, created by force and partisan politics, which he called the State. To this creature, man's highest allegiance was due. From it man derived not rights precisely, for he had no rights, but certain permissions and concessions revocable at will.

In substance, Hegel's philosophy affirmed that such trifles as the difference between right and wrong, between justice and injustice, were to be assessed by the simple process of counting heads. Whatever the majority affirmed was right and just. Whatever it rejected was wrong, and not to be tolerated. In other words, right did not make might, as Lincoln affirmed, but might made right.

Now it is quite obvious that such teachings are neither Christian nor American, and that they are quite irreconcilable with a common-sense view of man and of civilized society. Yet for more years than we care to number, learned fools and brainless jingoists have spouted them from pulpit and platform, with the result that many Americans, and not all of the baser sort, have accepted them at face value. If there is any precept that is Christian, it is that we must obey God rather than man, and resist a State venturing upon immoral or unjust projects. If there is anything that is American, it is that man is not the creature of the State, that he possesses certain unalienable rights, that he has been endowed with these rights by his Creator, and that they are, in Story's fine phrase, "beyond the just reach of any human power." "They are given by God," continues Story, "and cannot be encroached upon by human authority, without

criminal disobedience of the precepts of natural as well as of revealed religion." And Story will be accepted as a fair judge of what, from the standpoint of history and of constitutional codes, is genuinely American.

It is encouraging, then, to note that Presiding Judge Martin T. Manton, sitting in the Federal Court of Appeals, based his decision on Story's philosophy, when he reversed the lower courts in the MacIntosh case. Judge Manton observed that even modern international law draws a distinction between the war that is unjustifiable and the war that can be justified in moral grounds. The distinction surely exists, and in a concrete case, to force a citizen to support a war which he conscientiously believes to be unjust, is to invade his rights of conscience. The appellant, Judge Manton quotes approvingly, "would not put allegiance to the government of any country before allegiance to the will of God."

We trust that in similar cases, this decision will serve as a precedent. The contrast between it and certain outbursts by Federal judges is startling. Judge Manton's ruling shows a clear understanding of the rights of conscience in relation to the duties of citizenship, as well as a clear understanding of the obligations of the citizen to the Government. The outbursts, some of which have been noted in these columns, show neither.

The Governors Awake

THE longest sleep on record is unknown to us, but it cannot have been more protracted than the sleep of the Governors of these sovereign States. While they drowsed, the Federal Government stole from them one right and duty after the other, pertaining under the Constitution to the several States. That the States are not mere counties or geographical expressions, is due to no vigilance on part of these somnolent watchmen.

When the Conference of the Governors was instituted some years ago, we expressed the opinion that it would lead either to further prostration of the States, or to an understanding of the necessity of preserving in their integrity, as essential to our form of government, the least of their rights. There are indications that the latter result is at hand. The Salt Lake City Conference, which ended last week, registered a veritable revolt by these chief executives, and particularly by Governor Roosevelt, of New York, Governor Emerson, of Wyoming, Governor Erickson, of Montana, and Governor Christianson, of Minnesota. The uprising was occasioned by the policy of the Federal Government with reference to unappropriated public lands, and to oil and mineral rights, but it ranged over many instances of Federal interference before it simmered down.

Governor Christianson cited a long list of these Federal intrusions, beginning with "harassing tactics employed by little bureaus at Washington in imposing the will of the Federal Government upon the sovereign States," to the "fifty-fifty" schemes which he rightly characterized as "schemes to coerce the States into doing something which the States would not do of their own volition." In ten years, these alleged Federal subsidies,

appropriating a dollar for every dollar provided by the States, have grown from \$1,500,000 to more than \$110,000,000. "If the vogue of matching money continues, we shall soon see the taxing powers of the States mortgaged in advance, to support projects determined upon and controlled at Washington. In other words, there will be a lien by the Federal Government on the sovereignty of the several States."

Experience has shown that the "fifty-fifty" plan is economically unsound, that it fosters corruption, and that it ends in inefficiency. When we can awaken a stern resolution in every State to fulfil its duties completely, and to protect its rights with jealousy, we shall have better as well as cheaper government at home, and fewer corrupt politicians at Washington. Among the most curious of all the political aberrations which the historian of the future will note, is the theory that a crowd of lobbyists and politicians, of no particular moment at home, become invested with supreme wisdom on assuming office at Washington.

What School for Your Child?

THE family council has gathered to decide upon the school which will be honored next year by the presence of little Mary or John. Perhaps it will be a boarding school. Catalogues are fingered and compared. One school offers excellent tennis courts, but another boasts a private golf links. A third refers to the riding master, and a fourth to its box at the opera. Others combine descriptions of the natural beauty of the surroundings, with accounts of the success of its alumni or alumnae, and of the professional standing of its teachers.

But not one so much as refers to the most important fact of all in the life of the child. The schools engage without exception to teach something about a variety of useful topics, but not one will teach the child anything about Almighty God. The common consent of mankind affirms the necessity, the absolute necessity, of religion and morality in the life of the individual and of the State. But these schools negative, or even formally deny, that necessity.

It follows, therefore, that without exception these schools are unfit for the Catholic child. They are not merely defective, but positively harmful. They do not simply lack some of the qualities which make a school good. Theirs is a philosophy and usage which make a school bad. Bread made from a lower grade of flour will lack certain health-giving properties. But bread in which poison has been mixed will kill. The secular school is that bread.

Unfortunately, many a Catholic child will be entrusted next September to a school of that type. Parents choose it because of the care it professes to take of their child's physical health, or because Mr. Jones, who made a million on the stock market, sends his children there. Association with the scions of the House of Jones will assure social advancement. Association with the dancing masters and the swimming teacher will assure proper carriage. Association with the cultured faculty will assure—whatever you will. But there is nothing in the school to as-

sure growth in the knowledge and service of Almighty God. If the child returns a healthy pagan, able to read and to write, and to take a place in the social life of Mudville, his Herod-like parents are content.

Apart from any command or monition of the Catholic Church, it is somewhat difficult to understand what they conceive to be their duty as Catholics. When they persist in sending their children to such schools, it is difficult to believe that they have any conception at all of their duty. By the very law of nature, they are bound to provide for the physical, mental, and religious welfare of the child and that law is explained and reinforced by the Divine law, and by the legislation of the Church. To fail to care for the religious education of a child is an infinitely worse crime than to beat it or to starve it, or to bring it up in ignorance of letters. For every child entrusted to a non-Catholic school, Catholic parents must answer at the bar of an all-knowing God, who will assess petty excuses and subterfuges at their true value.

Among the most serious of the Catholic parent's duties is to select a Catholic school for his children. We have far too many "prominent Catholics" whose sons and daughters are in schools which neglect religion, or in colleges whose professors are noted not so much for culture and learning, as for their vicious attacks upon religion and morality. It is true that, given certain circumstances, among which the most outstanding is the permission of the Bishop, a Catholic child may be entered at a non-Catholic school. We admit the occasional exception, but that exception merely emphasizes the law. The only school fit for a Catholic child is the Catholic school, and to care for the religious and moral education of the child is among the most grave duties of every Catholic father and mother.

Father McMillan, C.S.P.

DEATH again takes toll, and we mourn the passing of one of our oldest friends, the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. Only a few months ago, this venerable clergyman celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and the occasion was marked as a public celebration by a meeting in Town Hall, New York.

All his life Father McMillan was a sturdy oarsman in the Bark of Peter. Such praise, however, is not distinctive, for we find evidences of that toil in every loyal Catholic. It was Father McMillan's gift to have a seeing eye which not only discerned the rocks in the channel, but found the smoother stretches that assure speedier progress. A student of men and books all his life, Father McMillan was also a missionary, the builder of a parish school, a founder of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, a busy pastor, a contributor to Catholic literature, a kindly friend, and the spiritual guide of hundreds. In the complete sense, his was a full life.

A son of Ayr, this hardy old Scot had the secret of perpetual youth. Like the late Father O'Rourke, S.J., he never grew old, save in experience, wisdom, and charm. For his noble soul, we ask of our readers a prayer.

The Three Wisdoms of Father Coakley

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

IN East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Father Coakley has erected an immense pile of rubbish—269 feet long, and eighty feet high. For what is stone, or cement, or glass, or metal, or wood, but so much rubbish? In the tabernacle hides the Unseen God; but only these material things meet the eye.

Seated near the entrance of the church, I asked myself, as Father Coakley's visitor, what it was that had turned that rubbish, through the hands of Mr. Carlton Strong, into a thing of beauty, into a temple of God. The answer was very simple: it was wisdom that did it. "Wisdom hath built herself a house," said Solomon, the wisest of men. For "wisdom," says St. Thomas, "is rightly compared with games." Just as children fix something up with the sand on the shore, some old bottles and sticks and cans, and make a city or a palace or an airplane out of them, so human wisdom takes the world's rubbish, and builds out of it those works which we call art. It is all a game; and that is one reason, perhaps, why wise men take to games like children. Then, too, there is the Divine game, which takes the elements of the created word, and makes them into the City of God: "playing before Him at all times; playing in the world."

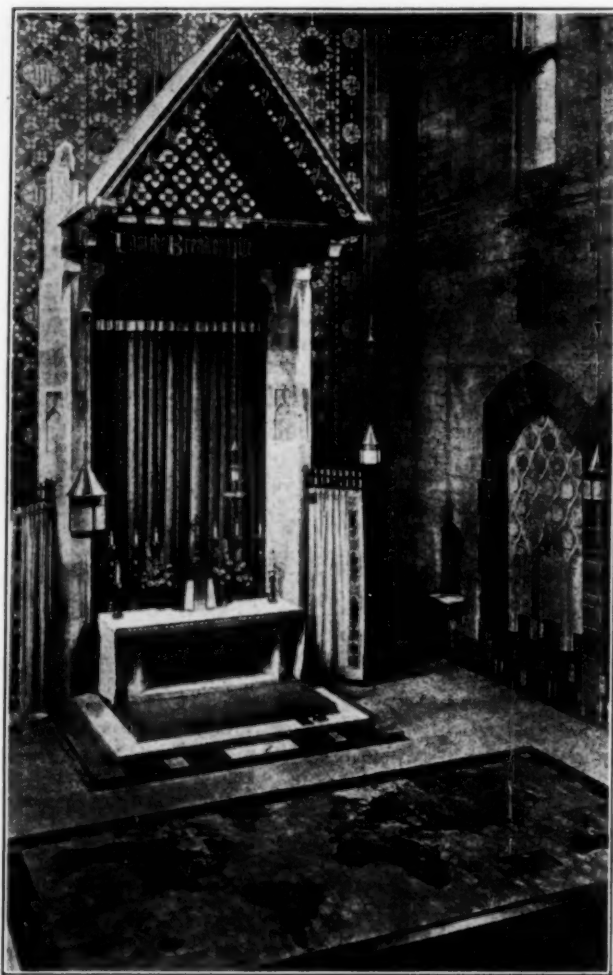
If this church, then, was the work of wisdom, my only course was to study the *purpose* of the parts and objects that it included; since the maker's wisdom is seen in the adaptation to purpose of the things he makes; just as you see the shipbuilder's craft reflected in every part of a well-constructed vessel, and in each part that belongs to it. Such a point of view comes naturally enough in the Sacred Heart Church, since the symbolism of the ship is there carried on throughout, from the rib-like rafters of the roof to the nautical lanterns of the aisles and the net-shaped tracery of the sanctuary stone carvings.

After all, is not that the heart of the whole matter of restoring or creating genuinely religious art or architecture in this country? Our fundamental error, which underlies

so many prevalent misconceptions concerning church architecture, statuary, plastic forms, religious images, church music and liturgical craftsmanship, is that we have neglected the *purpose* of artistic creation, and have become absorbed merely in its accidental effects. The onyx communion rail, the scagliola altar, the sugary statue, the sandwich-board chasubles, and all the other curiosities of commercialized religious art, are chosen not for

their adaptation to their true office, but for some casual, accidental effect on the individual.

If you walk through this great edifice, from the front portal to the sanctuary, you can spend hours studying its multitude of parts. There are, for instance, the contours of the building itself: the peculiar vaulting of the arches; the formation of the walls and the pillars; the spacious framing of the windows. Or you can study the men and women saints hewn out of the great roof beams; or figure out the leaders in fine arts and science represented by the rows of sculptured panels, or ponder on the windows, with their brilliant colors and their medallions; the curious pavement of the middle aisle, with its "Ladder of Virtue"; or the map of the world in the sanctuary floor. There are the more intimately liturgical objects of the altar itself and its curtains, canopy and candlesticks. Leaving final judgment to the trained critic or



MAIN ALTAR, SHOWING MAP OF WORLD, CANOPY, AND CURTAINS

professional artist, the mere spectator notices two things that all these varied objects have in common.

First, as in the ship, each part is definitely made to accomplish its own particular purpose. The altar, for instance, is made strictly for the liturgical celebration of the Mass; not as a receptacle for flower vases and electric clusters. The carved seats, or *sedilia*, in the sanctuary, are made for the liturgy, not as museum pieces. The arches do their work of silently lifting the eternal walls, with all their line of stone sweeping upward into the mass, not as separate, decorative adornments. The windows give light; temper it with brilliant play of burning color, and instruct the Faithful, by their pictures on the mysteries

of both the Gospel narrative and the Apostles' Creed.

There is no personality using these objects to convey a mood, or emotion, or a theory. They do their work, and are content in doing it. They have not the colorless quality of commercial art, nor the violence of the purely subjective. For, as says Jacques Maritain in his thoughtful essay on "Art and Scholasticism": "It is an intolerable nuisance in saying one's prayers, instead of finding oneself before a representation of Our Lord or some Saint, to receive full in the chest, with the force of a blow, the religious sensibility of Mr. So-and-So."

Each of them, too, shines with a special beauty of its own. The contemplative mind of the artist, in producing the useful object, stamped on the crude matter that radiance of form which we call beauty. This beauty delights us all the more when it appears unexpectedly, under the greatest difficulties. Hence our pleasure in the delicacy of stone traceries; the smooth swing of huge masses, the fusing of stubborn glass. "The more obstinate and rebellious the matter," says Maritain, "the better will art, by mastering it, realize its own end, which is to make matter resplendent with a dominating personality."

This combined result, therefore, that of use and beauty, is the effect of the *artist's* or the *artisan's wisdom*. But this wisdom is not sufficient. You could have a building full of useful and beautiful articles, each perfect in its own way; and yet it would be nothing but an ecclesiastical museum. They may be monuments of the artist's skill, but they lack the further wisdom, which is that they be subordinated to the central purpose of the entire building, which is that of liturgical prayer and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Besides the wisdom of the artist, there must be the *wisdom of the priest*, which the true architect will share.

Such wisdom may be shown in the choice of the objects themselves. Statues, altars, and shrines, for instance, are chosen thus not merely on their own merits, but with a view to the whole. Again, this wisdom can be shown in the treatment of actual subjects. The statues, for instance, in this particular church are not only works of art in themselves, but they look towards the altar. The eye centers on the place of worship and sacrifice. Such a subordination, such a priestly wisdom in all things architectural, may be shown simply by certain qualities of work-

manship, which cannot be put in exact language. Its presence is known by the effect on the worshiper, so that men instinctively find the church the place to pray in, the place to hear Mass in, the place that speaks to them of God.

But this priestly wisdom in architecture cannot exist without something higher still. It is evident why it is lost in Protestant churches, despite the wonderful beauty of craftsmanship that so many of them display; for in them there is no place of sacrifice as the center of all. Why is it lost, however, in so many Catholic churches, which have become mere collections of "church goods"?

It is not enough that all parts of the church building be subordinated to the central purpose of the whole. But the church building itself, and the priestly purpose which inspires it, must, in turn, be subordinated to the purpose of the whole Church of God, which is fulfilled by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost. Overshadowing, controlling all that is in the individual edifice, must be the world-wide mission of the Church universal, of which the single building is the embodiment in this particular spot, with this particular congregation.

The choice, then of priest and architect, when guided by this third, the *Divine Wisdom*, will be in accordance with the tradition of the universal Church. Furthermore, it will be in accordance with the actual legislation of the Church on matters architectural and liturgical. Just as the central purpose of the building determines the choice and treatment of individual objects; so the Divinely guided movement of the Bark of Peter determines everything that the single building of worship contains,

from the roof and towers to the humblest sill.

Which only shows that there is no such thing, in one sense, as Catholic architecture (or art) in contradistinction to Protestant architecture or art. There is only one Church, and all ecclesiastical art, in the true sense, is of that Church. So Maritain remarks:

Those who by their art desire to serve the Truth which is Christ are not pursuing a particular human end but a Divine end, an end as universal as God Himself. . . . This is what men who are utterly ignorant of the Faith, or deceived by an excess of appearances, are incapable of understanding; in zeal for souls they see merely a human effort at domination, an attempt to serve the interest of some sect or clique. They cannot see that those who take part as Christians, in the works of the mind, are not engaged in clerical philosophy or clerical art, or in confessional philosophy



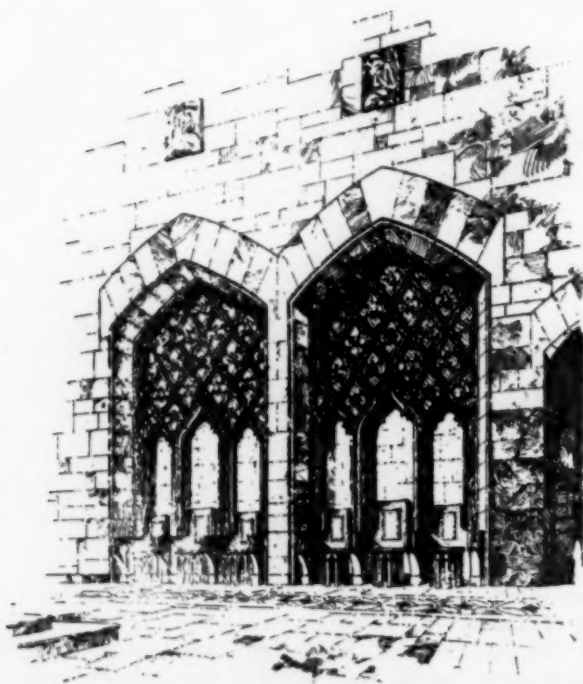
VIEW ACROSS THE VESTIBULE

or *confessional art*. There is in this sense no Catholic philosophy or Catholic art, for Catholicism is not a *particular statement of faith* any more than it is a religion: it is *the religion*, confessing the only omnipresent Truth. Yet their art and philosophy are Catholic, that is to say genuinely universal.

Can we get priests and artists to accept, and to practice, such three-fold wisdom, — to make and build things whose beauty is seen in their very adaptability to their essential purpose, instead of being governed by the idea of sale, profit, or merely arbitrary likes and dislikes? Can we have all that is in our churches adapted to the purpose of the entire edifice as a place of prayer and worship, even if the desires of some donors or some pious souls must be frustrated? And to have all in accordance with the traditions and the actual prescriptions of the Church?

It is too much to expect the artist to arrive at this all by himself. If his patron is nothing but an uninstructed public, with an artificial taste stimulated by commercial advertising, the only wisdom in the artist will be the "prudence of the flesh." The priest cannot be a mere purchaser of goods inspired by some third person's ideas: any more than he can be his own law giver. In the art of the Church, just as in the teaching office of the Church, he is naturally the custodian of wisdom, and the architect rightly looks to him for the special guidance which only one who has a thorough understanding of the purpose of each part of the church, and of the whole as related to each part, can afford.

When he finds, as did Father Coakley, a master architect, deeply versed in church tradition and lore, with capable fellow-workmen, let him be grateful for such aid. And when the artist, in his own wisdom, helps play the priest's game, and both of them play God's game, then we can look to see, as you can see in Pittsburgh, "rubbish" transformed into a gate of Heaven.



On Ignorance

HILAIRE BELLOC
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THERE is a pretty trick in the working of things (which I am inclined to attribute to Divine Providence) whereby individuals and generations make fools of themselves precisely in those fields where they suffer from the sin of pride.

Now the time in which we live is especially proud of its knowledge. It is even comically proud of its knowledge. It puts forward knowledge—or what it conceives to be knowledge—as the supreme good after wealth. Wealth, of course, it takes for granted to be obviously the supreme good. But it is also perpetually quoting its own knowledge as an example of its own superiority, and contrasting it with the ignorance of its fathers. Therefore is it that precisely upon the point of knowledge it makes a fool of itself more conspicuously than upon any other point: and as what is funny is our principal relief from what is evil we ought to be grateful to the time in which we live for providing us with such a laughable spectacle.

I don't want to be unfair and I must admit that there are already signs of a reaction. Only the other day a group of English parliamentarians proposed to break up a small number of families. The parents of these families have to move about from place to place to earn their living, and in order that the children should have the immeasurable advantages of receiving a State education from State officials rather than from their mothers and fathers or from friends it was proposed to take the children away from their parents. There was sufficient indignation, I am glad to say, to kill the project.

Now the worthy people who proposed to act thus, and to destroy the family in the name of a blessed thing called "Education" thought they were doing service to knowledge. In reality they were displaying ignorance. They were ignorant of the elementary truth that the family is a more important institution than the Education department in the Government.

Another symptom of the reaction is this; quite a number of opinions have appeared lately, some in the press and some in public speeches, to the effect that teaching all children exactly one set of things is not a noble or useful ideal, but rather teaching children what will be useful to them each in his own degree and probable occupation through life. It has dawned upon quite a number of people that there may be something in this idea, and that a really good carpenter who knows hardly any geography is a more useful person, a better citizen, and probably a happier man and a finer product altogether than a bad carpenter who could name you all the rivers of Europe. We are getting on!

Now in examples of ignorance attendant upon pride in knowledge there are distinctions between the lesser and the greater, but all of them, small or great, are connected directly or indirectly with an ignorance of Catholic truth and Catholic practice. I will give examples. Here is one; it is only a detail but very significant. A man,

who, in my own trade of history passes for vastly learned, was estimating the other day the population of a certain Catholic city in certain years in the past. Dozens of indications pointed to that population being very large. He was arguing that it was not much more than 6,000 or 7,000. He brought out in triumphant proof, the statement that all Catholics are bound to go to Mass, and that in this city there was only room in the churches for about 4,000 or 5,000 people, supposing them all to be seated respectfully and comfortably in pews. He was ignorant of two things which made all the rest of his learning worthless in the matter, first that a very great proportion of the population in a great Catholic city do not go to Mass—especially in slack times—secondly and more important, that in all churches there are a large number of Masses every Sunday.

Here is another example, only indirectly connected, but connected all the same, with Catholic morals.

A public man makes an enthusiastic speech in praise of new regulations whereby men who are without land or property in instruments of production or reserves of food, men who do not own any house in which they can find shelter and have no clothing for themselves or their families except what they stand up in—that is, the mass of men in his own industrial civilization—are just barely kept alive by public payments after an inspection by public officers and subjection to all the indignity of regimentation and control and inquisition. Because it is better that these men should barely be kept alive under those conditions than starve to death, he thinks the whole system

worthy of unrestricted praise. He thinks it is a sign of Progress! He is ignorant of two enormous truths, one of doctrine and the other of history; first that men have a right to human living and human dignity, next that men in properly constituted societies have in the past owned (and will, please God, again own) for the most part, the houses in which they live, control the instruments with which they work, and possess sufficient reserves to maintain the family as an independent unit.

But the major example of ignorance in this time of ours, which is drunk with the pride of worthless learning, is an ignorance of values, and especially of the order of values in things to be known. It is profoundly ignorant of the elementary truth that in the order of value of things to be known, first comes theology, with its practical department of morals, and that after theology the rest is nowhere. Learning for learning, it is indefinitely more important to know that there is a God, that your soul is immortal and responsible, that it may be damned or saved, to know what is right and what is wrong, than to recite a list of words out of a textbook on chemistry or a set of historical dates.

One would have thought that a truth like that—being self-evident—would have been accepted by all men. On the contrary, it is so little appreciated that the whole of our modern quarrels between the Catholic Church and the State in the matter of compulsory universal State schooling turns upon that very point. And the ignorance of our day is so towering and toppling that not one in a hundred can be got to see it!

The Dogs and the Christians

E. FRANCIS McDEVITT

“WELL, sir, it's dog eat dog,” the chief steward said after we had meditated for two hours upon the humanity in all of us that keeps men fiercely and constantly at one another's throats. Were it not for the unbroken darkness beneath the bridge, the melancholy wash of the waves clipped by the swaying prow of our vessel, and the midnight quiet settling over the promenade deck, my friend, the steward, would probably have said less cryptically, “Every man for himself.” Men's thoughts are colored by the reflected light of their surroundings.

Ensuing events the next few weeks almost vindicated for me the dark philosophy of the steward that night. But not quite.

A week later the bellying flank of our ship silently slithered side-wise toward the stone dock at Rio de Janeiro, after days of interminable stretches of sea and sky with not even a gull to remind us that the world beyond the rails of our vessel was alive and pulsating. Excited passengers passed to and fro along the decks, watching with a glamorous light in their eyes the activity on the pier below them; the bare-footed *peons*, squalid half-breeds, scurrying along the water's edge, or in gangs heaving the ship's bulk toward them with slender, delicate towlines, jabbering to busy mates, in threadbare linens.

The hotel and sightseeing hawkers, wide eyed, angled busy hands in our direction, soliciting our interest, side by side with little brown *changadores*, pointing to number plates on their breasts or contending with the steamship line's officer at the gangplank for admittance to the ship.

Soon the gangway bar was dropped and the denizens of the docks washed in. Hundreds milled along the gangway and, like rats, overran the quondam serene decks.

A moment later while leaning on the rail, I felt a vigorous pluck at my sleeve.

“My cars are the best, señor,” the little Negro pleaded eloquently under my shoulder. Flashily attired he was and spoke his English with the best of us. “All places of interest in Rio I will take you and the ladies. My cars are the best in Rio.”

Oh, well. Down behind him through the gaping throngs at the pier, under the sliding cranes, out through the sheds to his shining American car standing on Rio Branco. The price, 120 mil reis, or \$15—until the boat should sail that evening, señor; lunch at Copacabana, all places of interest and all the information, too. In we climbed and our guide, taking his place beside his driver, lectured unstintingly—for a half hour.

Down Rio Branco we rolled, past the delicately tinted, tilted *casas*, along the teeming market places, out on the

grass-parked boulevards, along the beach, up the mountain side. Half-way up, breathing in the sensuously odoriferous air, we stopped. A faint purr caught our ears and there before us, glinting charmingly in the noon day sun, the stream of the Cascatina Falls pencilled a silver streak upon the heavy drapes of tropical verdure, a glistening staff in the invisible hand of God.

"Beautiful, is it not, señor?" was an excerpt from the lecturer's inspiring dissertation on the glories of Brazil.

What was \$15 to such as this? The ladies sighed catchingly.

Down the steep grade again, overlooking the bowed Rio harbor, placid, soft-lined in the distance; back to the chattering city and again passing under the shading palms, South America's tropical labels, winding through the parks, elaborate with white *pavos reales*, peacocks. In and about the avenues again. Rio Branco once more.

I looked forward and was conscious for the first time that our orating guide had long since fallen silent—and fast asleep. A not too gentle prod on his shoulder with an umbrella awoke our courier slowly. We were by now creeping through streets we had seen for the third and fourth times; the points of interest meant nothing to us as our lecturer sat mute and nodding, but fearing to doze lest the imminent point of the umbrella should at any moment jab him in the back.

And so the monotonous afternoon wore on. Our sleepy guide's case had crumbled like an election promise, until at four o'clock, three hours before our expiration time, I ordered the driver to let us off at the pier.

We paid the agreed amount. The chauffeur mumbled some Portuguese to us and our guide, now wideawake, half-smilingly, I thought, translated to us the fact that said driver would very much desire a tip.

"Tip? You are paid well, my friends, as it is. Besides, it's dog eat dog, my fine fellow."

He blinked. He probably did not understand. But we did as we turned towards the ship.

For two days they loaded us with coffee at Santos, on the return voyage; 70,000 bags were scheduled that trip to go to New York, the largest coffee shipment carried by the line in two years. Ceaselessly, monotonously, the sacks crept along the conveying belts from tall warehouses and slid down the bamboo chutes out of sight into the holds for hours at a time, like the unending line of Banquo's kings.

During the past two years ships plying between Brazil and the States had been returning to New York with empty holds. Two years ago the coffee barons had agreed that North America was not paying a just price for their product and they had decided to hold back the supply until prices should rise to what they considered the proper level. But the United States continued to drink coffee and the bags piled higher and higher in Brazilian warehouses, while other and smaller coffee regions throughout the world recorded better business.

The day of reckoning had come as we waited in Santos those two days, the day of reckoning, what with the new crops ready for picking. A crisis of over-supply was striking terror into the coffee kings' breasts and when we

docked they were flinging open the warehouse doors, stocking all ships with record-breaking cargoes, and smiling happily because one third of their lowest coffee prices was falling into their hands. Some had shipped enough bags to meet their debts. Others went bankrupt. And so hour after hour the giant cranes continued to swing unbelievable loads onto the vessel's decks. Then at last the holds were filled to overflowing, and the hatches fastened down. It was a retold story with a text: most often the big dog eats the little dog.

In Argentina attempts to command high and "proper" prices had long been successful. Properly fabulous prices, so that American dollars looked so small and humble. The peso was listed at approximately forty cents. Actually it was twenty cents. Safety-razor blades were a luxury, rents facetiously exorbitant. Liquor sold at American bootleg rates. So did everything else. Money becomes soft in Argentina and melts away beneath the eyes.

But what difference should that have made to Americans? A Mr. Monroe had proclaimed the great nation in the North a Big Brother, protecting, powerful, helpful. What did high prices mean to Big Brother United States? Swank and swagger always pay a heavy overhead. You see, Argentina had never particularly cared about having a Big Brother anyway, but since he insisted on being helpful, why refuse him? Thus it came to pass, that the peso became twenty cents instead of forty.

We met our chief steward again in "B.A." He smilingly inquired after things in the routine way.

"Why, Mr. Steward, I might say it's dog eat dog. . . ."

And then suddenly I wished I had chosen another answer, as the memory of our arrival in the city recurred sharp and clear; the memory of a plain old couple standing timidly at the pier gate as we approached. We had drifted up the muddy La Plata and had docked noisily in the North Basin. Perspiring from the customs ordeal during the hour immediately following the hitching of the steamer to the pier, we sought friends who were to have met us on our arrival. While we were flung about by rushing, trunk-bearing *porteros*, and passengers, and attempting to collect our luggage and at the same time translate the scroll-like customs sheet, a dusky *peon* touched his hat and slid me a card. The long hand message was brief, but refreshing in that desert of strange faces; a message from the Director of the Catholic Center.

I trailed behind the *peon* to the stone gate out in the broiling afternoon where the little plain couple patiently stood, he, serious-eyed, dressed in somber black; she, beside him a thin, worn lady in middle life, smiling sweetly beneath the brim of her faded straw bonnet. She held out her hand.

"Father ——— sent us to meet you and tell you that the Catholic Center welcomes you to Argentina. When you are settled you must come to the Center and see us and know us and we'll see that you won't be lonely. No Catholic need be lonely anywhere in the world when he is with his own. Come to see us soon now. We want to make your stay in this country a pleasant one."

That was all. They passed slowly through the gate and melted away.

Antics and Ancestor Worship

G. K. CHESTERTON
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I NEVER realized until recently how hard it is for a skeptic to remain sane. I should have said that a man might be in some matters negative, yet remain in most matters normal. Doubtless there are some who do; but there are not so many as there were when I was myself young and skeptical. And in a great many cases it would seem that skepticism has reversed rationalism. It not only supposes that the tail can wag the dog, but raises grave religious doubts about whether the tail has a dog to wag.

For instance, I read a weird newspaper article lately about modern parenthood, or rather the alleged modern aversion to parenthood. Before touching on the general matter, I would select one phrase, which exactly illustrates what I mean by the change from the sane skeptic to the mad skeptic. Herbert Spencer and such Victorian agnostics used to state, as a final fact of science, that religion was founded on ancestor worship. Alas, the agnostics are now themselves ancestors; and ancestors who are not by any means worshipped. Later anthropologists and folklorists have long abandoned the grave with its attendant ghost, as the source of religion; and have been playing about in the cornfield, and all sorts of places. Indeed I believe there have been new diversions in that game of hide-and-seek; even later than the frolic of the corn myth.

Anyhow, the ancestral theory of ancestors is not now necessarily accepted, even among the descendants. Aldous Huxley, for instance, could not always be trusted to be an ancestor worshipper on the unchanging Chinese model. But at least there was some common human sense and sanity about what Victorian agnostics said about Chinese ancestors. They said that the natural interest of a man in his family was exaggerated until it took on the terrors and mysteries of religion. They said that, as a man in any case likes to feel he is a father, so he came to feel that when he was dead, he would be a god.

But the newspaper skeptic actually suggested that a man does not wish to be a father; and would never have wished it, but for the tyranny of the myth that made him a god. The old skeptic said that all relations of the supernatural were but distortions of the human relations, which are natural. The new skeptic seriously says that the human relations are not natural.

It is as if he said that the savages put food in the grave, not because they supposed that dead men could eat like live men, but because they were so browbeaten with superstition as to suppose that live men sometimes want to eat. It is as if, instead of saying that the ripening of corn for the harvest was fancifully attributed to a god, they were to say that only the dreadful god could have driven them to believe that corn grows ripe towards autumn.

I really do not know where this remarkable New

Skepticism may be supposed to end. There seems no reason why it should not go on until all ordinary facts have been explained away as the relics of extraordinary fables. Nobody, we shall be told, would ever have believed that birds had wings, but for the superstitious suggestion made by drawing pictures of angels. Ignorant peasants have stared so long at images of the Virgin standing on the moon that they suffer from an optical illusion that there is a moon in the sky.

This is a topsy-turvydom that would seem incredible in anybody except the incredulous. Things so wild as that only occur to those who are always accusing others of credulity. But though what I report may appear impossible, it is perfectly true.

The writer in the newspaper did use one phrase that can only mean that people would not care to be parents, would not be proud of their children, would not look forward to being remembered by their children, had it not been for the blighting influence of the ancient religion of ancestor worship.

The writer was a lady, the wife of a well-known professor; but this is not a place for personal controversy; and I do not think the name would gain any extra glory from the notions. Her article was only one of many current examples of this curious state of things; in which the old war against superhuman things has become merely a war against human things.

Men began by denying the preternatural and preferring the natural. They are now denying the natural, because it reminds them of the preternatural. The old antithesis suggested in the title of Charles Reade's novel, "The Cloister and the Hearth," seemed to the Victorians a very real antithesis. People once accused the Cloister of insulting the Hearth. Now they accuse the Hearth of imitating the Cloister. In one sense they are quite right; and it is well to have the two things classed together, once more. *Pro aris et focis*; thousands of men have perished for their hearths and altars; it is well that their enemies agree in as sweeping a fashion that both hearths and altars must perish.

The writer says many other things that are curious; and some that are rather confused. It is not always easy to be just to her contentions; because she has that typical Modernist muddle in her mind; the inability to distinguish between saying that something is happening and saying that it is a good thing that it should happen.

Having declared that young men are in fact shrinking from founding families, she seems to think it her duty to assume, tacitly or otherwise, that whatever they are doing, or not doing, is for the best. And I suppose if she had to report that young men were all of them going bald, or were increasingly afflicted with stammering or color blindness, she would assume that this evolutionary change also was part of the spiral of progress.

The skeptic seems to be no longer capable of *criticizing*. His only defense of doing anything is to say that it is being done. For this reason, as I say, it is not very easy to be certain whether the writer is describing what she sees or what she wants to see; or whether she distinguishes between the two. But the following passage seems to express satisfaction in an ideal realized and to justify what I have said of it here.

The moral ideal of our century is surely to make it possible for each man to develop so amply in all directions that he need no longer hoard his earnings . . . and all this has lessened the old desire, said to be a human instinct, but probably something much more easily upset: a tradition, to procreate heirs who should on the one side inherit the earth and on the other worship and venerate their begetters.

That is, the moral ideal is for each man to develop amply in all directions except the obvious direction; and to do everything except the thing which most men have wanted to do. To escape from the absurdity of this (as it would have seemed to all the saner skeptics) she is driven to drag in her allusion to ancestor worship and to imply that this religious tradition, or superstition, forced men and woman into the unnatural attitude of being fathers and mothers.

Then, after this vast claim to universal expansion, the ideal suddenly collapses into sheer cowardice. "The horrors and hardships of the war have exhausted his desire to face new responsibilities." He is to develop boldly in all directions, but he is too weak to face new responsibilities. He is a proud progressive, boldly advancing into the future; but he must be excused because he has had shell shock, and is afraid of new responsibilities. Is it possible to get a modern philosophy that will hang together for one paragraph?

There is in one beautiful passage, which words wholly fail me to estimate, about how "such medieval vices as Pride, Avarice and Envy have ceased to be taken seriously. They are, in fact, obsolete."

I do not know whether this really does mean what it says; that is, that nobody now is ever conceited, nobody ever envies anybody anything; and that all motives connected with money have entirely disappeared from the modern world. But it seems quite likely, considering what the rest is like.

THE WIDOW

Laboriously, with things not worth the doing,
She fills her days, forestalling each dread hour
Lest it should turn and rend her with its power
To mind her leaden heart of past things. Wooing
Forgetfulness that will not come. Pursuing
Some futile errand just to kill an hour
And realizing now, how love did dower
Each task with joy, each coming and each going!

But night, at last, to every day comes round,
And she must, lonely, in the still house lie
Thinking, "How can I bear this thing and live?"
And sobs sound out. . . . O Thou whom night once found
Drinking Thine own dark cup of agony
In hours like these, to her *Thy* comfort give!

GRACE H. SHERWOOD.

A Frosh Faces the End

ROSWELL C. WILLIAMS, S.J.

BUD BILLINGS had had a hard fight. Was it now to be lost after a whole year of hard work?

Yes, he had had to fight the whole family to take up the profession he wanted, the profession he felt he was made for. His father was crushed the night he had told him the firm would never be "Billings and Son." He respected his father's business, it was a worthy profession; but he was simply not cut out for it. Mother had another career all mapped out for him, and the girls of the family sided with her. His brothers—well, one said this, another that. They agreed on one point alone, that the course of his own choosing was simply out of the question.

But he had withstood them all. Was he to fail, now? Things looked so different at the end of the year. The glamour was all gone; only cold, stark realities remained,—realities that perplexed and worried him because they were so very real. Was he yellow? No, it wasn't that. The truth was, his first year studies hadn't gone so well. He had tried hard enough, studied more than the rest of the crowd; but in two of the fundamental branches, so fundamental that he realized his future career was simply impossible without them, he was wanting. His grades were good enough,—not the very best, it was true, but not mediocre either.

The difficulty lay in the fact that he didn't understand the subjects, didn't know what they were all about. He had gone to the professors, had told them how he felt, had asked for advice and help. Both of them had patted him on the back, told him it would all clear up, and given him their stereotyped speech of encouragement. But things didn't clear up; and the more he thought about those talks on encouragement, the more discouraged he became. It was old stuff. He knew the professors meant well enough; but he knew equally well that they had only made things worse. He wanted real help, and he simply hadn't received it.

It might be that after all he wasn't cut out for a professional man. Maybe the family was right. He supposed he would have to start in at the bottom in the family firm. It wasn't the *work* he dreaded. He had worked every vacation, he had worked nights during the school year and earned enough to keep himself. What hurt him was to see his air castle burst so completely. He had begun it in boyhood, added ramifications and improved on the plan as he grew older; and last fall when he entered college, the prospect of seeing the beloved dream become a reality, had thrilled him through and through. But now? He was disillusioned, that was all. Oh, he would write the examinations, do the best he could, and he knew he wouldn't fail. But after that? He could hardly come back in the Fall. There was little use of going on when he hadn't grasped the fundamentals.

But what would people say? They knew his ambitions, they were proud of him, they looked for great things from him. Hang it all, he didn't care what they said. He would run away: go to South America or Australia,—

lose himself. Mother and dad? Yes, it would hurt them, terribly. He owed them a great deal, but he owed himself something too. He wasn't going to make his whole life miserable. Why should he? Wasn't it *his* life? Yes, it was his life; but Someone else had a claim on it too: he had a soul to save for that Someone, he mustn't forget that. Knocking around from post to pillar wasn't exactly conducive to paying premiums on *that* fire-insurance policy. But he could settle down in some distant corner of the globe. He needn't be a wanderer. He could live respectably, make a name for himself, and then let the folks know where he was. The "Sea Devil" had done it, why couldn't he? But how about the folks all that time? And suppose he should die suddenly? Poor little mother, she was gray enough as it was; he did not want to make her grayer.

After all, maybe he should stick to his guns. He could pull through somehow. The uphill grind would be hard, though, mighty hard. It was so discouraging to try to plow ahead when you weren't sure of your ground. He wouldn't mind the work, if it would get him anywhere; but would it? He had seen so many fellows give up because they couldn't stand the gaff of facing a losing game day after day. They kept going for a while on plenty of cigarettes and bootleg, but that could last only so long. No, he wouldn't come back next year, he was through. Ned and Joe, who lived on the same floor, weren't coming back either. They had given up long ago. A shame, he thought. Both of them had the makings of fine doctors, there was no doubt about that. There was little use in going on, they said, when they didn't know what it was all about. Why didn't the college authorities do something for fellows like that who had good will, who really wanted to get some place? Ned and Joe, he knew, had both talked to their professors; but like himself they had received nothing but pats on the back and stereotyped speeches of encouragement, and in disgust had decided to throw it all over.

There was no use of thinking about it any longer, it didn't get him any place. He might as well finish that exercise for Barnaby. Barnaby, old "Fuzzy" Barnaby—why hadn't he thought of him before. Barnaby would understand and Barnaby would help him; for Barnaby was kind, even though he was business-like almost to the point of austerity.

It was not without trepidation that he approached the professor's door, and it took no little courage to knock once he was there. But he made it, and was inside before he could remember what he had intended to say. Barnaby saw his confusion and came to the rescue with a remark on the excellence of his latest quiz paper. After that it was easy enough. He told Barnaby just how things stood. And Barnaby came through. He spoke in his usual business-like fashion, but there was an unwonted amount of kindness in his voice. He himself, he said, had gone through the same thing at the end of his freshman year. He would have given up too, had not his kind old dean got hold of him and rooted out the trouble. The prescription had been only for a few books to be read during the summer. They had cleared up everything for him,

and he had enjoyed the work. Taking a pad from his desk, Barnaby wrote down the titles of two books. They were to be read leisurely, he said, and an informal report was to be sent to him every few weeks. "Make the letters just friendly chats," he continued. "And by the way, one of my graduate students is going to do some work in your home town this summer. I'll tell him to get in touch with you."

Bud was out in the hall again, clinging desperately to the slip of paper. All straightened out, and in less than ten minutes! No Australia or South America now. No more gray hairs for mother. Funny he didn't think of Barnaby before. It was a shame there weren't more like him in the world,—a greater shame, though, that the fellows didn't make use of the few Barnabys that there were.

SUMMER NIGHT IN A DESERTED GARDEN

Long since the moon, a coppery disc, has swung
Out of the eastern pines. How mild and still
From her far orb, diminished and high-hung
Within the encircling stars, her radiance flows
Over that meadow wide to rock-scarred hill!

Small glittering fire-flies bearing amber lights
Aloft fret the black lace of locust trees
With honey-colored gems; and milky flights
Of languid moths drift through the pallid air
Like petals scattered on a dying breeze.

A night-hawk wheeling sharply downward swings
So close to dewy earth that twin spots gleam
Beneath those dusky-feathered beating wings
As cleanly white as coins fresh from a mint
Or snowy pebbles in a mountain stream.

And pressing up through dark and tangled mass
Of knotted weeds a phantom flower appears,
Tethered on unseen stem deep-set in grass
Rank and neglected; single silvery rose,
Bright dream of youth blooming above sped years!

AMY BROOKS MAGINNIS.

IF I SHALL FARE TO HEAVEN

If I shall fare to Heaven and well I may,
Since One has made so sure and safe the way,—
Invested with my soul's inheritance
Of endless joy — in that ecstatic trance
I shall miss something dear, unless I may
Leave my bright throne
Sometimes, and steal away alone
To be again a child—a child at play.
Breathing the transient rapture of a day
That held my toys, my dreams, my mother's kiss:
Is then a Lethe draught to blot out this?
Let me recapture (Vision of the Grail!)
The dawn that flushed my first Communion veil.
And O with what celestial asphodel
Shall I be drugged who loved the clover well?
What spell divine shall make my heart forget
The violet?
And what supernal sight my eyes shall close
To the frail sweetness of an earth-blown rose.

SYLVIA V. ORME BRIDGE.

Education

Funds for the Catholic School

R. J. STENSON, S.J.

DISCUSSIONS concerning endowment funds for Catholic schools frequently contain a querulous note which, for those reasons which will promptly be developed, does not seem to be justified. The facts presented in this article are the partial findings of an investigation into the financial standards and policies of non-profit corporations, in connection with work in corporate finance in St. Louis University, by the writer and Bernard W. Dempsey, S.J., a fellow graduate student.

Catholics have the burden of supporting a parish-school system and an active parish system. Catholics are only now attaining an economic status adequate to support institutions of higher learning. Money must be brought in; it does not come in.

Not all Catholic children are being educated in parish schools, but the high percentage is yearly increasing. Does the fact that the Catholic citizenry, while paying taxes for the support of the public-school system, must build and maintain a parish-school system, and an active parish system, have any bearing on endowment funds for higher education? The answer, obviously, must be in the affirmative. For generations American Catholics have been bravely and willingly bearing this heavy load, that their children might be brought up under religious influence. This double burden of supporting a parish-school system and an active parish system, on a population of moderate means, prevented, for the time being, the full development of higher education.

The great bulk of the American population came to this country in the last half of the nineteenth century. For the greater part they came here precisely because economic and cultural opportunity was denied them in Europe. These immigrants, coming to America, saw a nation founded upon ideals quite distinctly Catholic, but a nation quite Protestant in its outlook upon the affairs of our workaday life. Here they began at the foot of the economic ladder.

In those days of self-denial, there could be no question of financing or staffing colleges and universities, no question of anything but supplying the children with the essentials of their Faith and tradition. This has been accomplished, and though it is no more than we should have expected of our noble forebears, it certainly detracts not one whit from the merit and honor that is their due.

Today conditions are different. Our Catholic population has begun to scale the economic ladder, and is beginning to share more equitably in the distribution of America's great wealth. The children of the brave pioneers in the Catholic parish-school system are only now reaping the fruits of that early self-denial, and it is to them that we may hopefully look for the endowment of our universities. The great endowments of American schools are all of relatively recent origin.

Every institution which is performing a social service has a power of appeal to the public for funds, which, if

the cause be properly understood, will certainly meet a response. Funds, however, do not come in even from people of the best dispositions. They must be brought in. The first duty of an executive of a college or university is to interpret his organization to the public, or to make sure that some one else is consistently presenting its case to the public.

Persons experienced in the raising of funds by public appeal are unanimous in saying that no one likes to pay another man's debts. People simply will not believe that a large new institution, however seriously encumbered, is in any need of funds. Perhaps the failure of certain institutions to issue, as most non-Catholic institutions do, annual balance sheets in the language which the business men of the community understand, accounts for the persistence of this misunderstanding. There seems to be no justification for the fact that this information in institutions dependent on public assistance is "shrouded in an atmosphere of secrecy."

Institutions like the American Red Cross, which live wholly by public contribution, are keenly conscious of the fact that effective appeal in these matters must be made, not to the intellect alone but to the emotions as well. It follows from this that an indefinite and sweeping appeal is less effective than a specialized appeal. This point is clearly illustrated by the experience of the city of St. Louis at the time of the tornado, when funds flowed in spontaneously. Community-chest executives feared that this would have a harmful effect upon the community drive to be held shortly thereafter. This was found not to be the case. The psychological appeal of the tornado stood in a class by itself, quite unrelated to the annual appeal of the community fund. At the time of the Miami disaster, on the other hand, when each Red Cross chapter was assigned for the relief fund, an Ohio city preferred to advance money to the Red Cross from the community fund, rather than make an appeal at the time, saying that this sum would simply be added to the amount sought in the general campaign. The sum was never obtained; the emotional appeal of the actual disaster, which would have called forth contributions without effort at the time of the disaster, had been lost and could not be reconstructed.

From this it follows that an institution should study the emotional quality of its own collecting power. Losing departments, such as the children's dispensary, or the medical school, will bring forth contributions when the graduate school will not. Research, in general seems to practical men a waste of money, but an appeal for funds to combat cancer, tuberculosis or influenza will be answered. Losing departments can thus be subsidized, while funds for the general purposes of education can be obtained more readily from those individuals who are more susceptible to an intellectual approach.

Large endowments of certain institutions are the subject of much envious comment by those who style themselves less fortunate. Less industrious and less astute, would be a more just characterization, for it must be borne in mind that these huge endowments are monuments to many long years of highly intelligent, tactful and persevering effort. Spasmodic and unorganized efforts are fore-

doomed to failure. Their occasional success must be assigned to chance. Unless an institution, which expects to live on voluntary contributions, maintains a careful analysis of its potential givers, a competent field secretary to keep these givers interested in the activities of the school, and a steady outlook for the accumulation of relatively small gifts, it is vain to expect some good angel suddenly to appear on the horizon with a solvent for all financial ills.

A successful and respected president of the University of Chicago once spoke of himself as the official tea hound and lounge lizard of the university, but justified this on the basis of a three-million-dollar annual yield. Let us repeat; funds do not come in. They must be brought in. Large endowments are the fruit of a long process of careful education and scientifically emotionalized begging.

Sociology

The Part-Time Family, or What?

M. R. MADDEN

SOCIOLOGISTS are sunk in such a sea of difficult problems that it should be small wonder that many succumb and leave the problems where they find them. Unfortunately some of the problems have a moral side which forces individuals to take a stand one way or the other. The position these find themselves in if they take the wrong side is precarious in the extreme when the problem is left open. It might be said in criticism of so many of these sociologists what the authors of the study, "Middletown" remarked of the leaders of that town: — "When the problems arising from institutions being ill-adjusted to the times, become so acute that 'something' must be done, the 'something' takes the form of 'a logical extension of old categories to the new situation,' a renewed insistence upon verbal and other symbols, or a stricter enforcement or further elaboration of existing institutional devices. . . . What is obviously necessary of course is a reexamination of the institutions themselves."

This seems a rather pertinent description of the state of the question in regard to the particular institution known from time immemorial as the family. Everyone is disturbed about the status of the institution, from those who try to run it and those who try to abolish it, to those who merely observe it. Many seem to find relief from their worries in accepting it as a changing institution which will soon find its new level, if not formation. Others are more cheerful when they regard it as a survival in the biological sense. Catholics must look askance at these views, for while they may consider the family as the social institution which carries out the idea of marriage, marriage itself may not be considered apart from its theological definition as a Sacrament.

It is permissible, however, to criticize the family as a social institution, part of the anatomy of the State, the microcosm of society, the pillar of morals, the nursery of the citizen, the primary group, according to the style of one's vocabulary and reading. Each of these views entails a different organization of the institution. Which one is to be accepted?

In line with the character and method of American sociology, many sociologists prefer to decide the question from the point of view of function, rather than of principle. According to Professor Ogburn of the University of Chicago, whose views are typical, seven functions are recognized, affectional, economic, educational, protective, recreational, family status, religious. Catholic sociologists might prefer a slightly different terminology and be curious as to the exact content of "family status," but in the main would not quarrel with this list. It is quite clear that some, if not all, of these functions are no longer operating in the old established modes.

Not only have what might be called the domestic industries disappeared from the family, but the more intimate and homely activities such as cooking, sewing, laundry, infant and child care—have, or are about to disappear also. The recent consolidation of food companies is a proof, if proof were needed, that Big Business is no longer interested in the pies and cakes that mother used to bake, and the canning companies would decidedly frown upon a return to the old-fashioned way of stocking the pantry shelf. If sewing were restored, either as an art or an industry, whole sections of important industries would perish for lack of a market, a calamity too serious to be contemplated in these days of unemployment. Perhaps this is the reason for the half-hearted courses in domestic science or home-making, adjuncts to, rather than integrating the curriculum, for girls in the schools.

As for infant or child welfare, few parents are hardy enough to claim they can still do a good job on this in the face of the pre-nursery school enthusiasts and all the clinics, psychiatrics, agencies and government bureaus of all sorts, Federal and State, which know so much better how to accomplish this. Two great pillars of the family of the past, maiden aunts and domestic servants, have also been disappearing at a lively pace, becoming independent business and professional women, and, in their turn, an "institution" supporting the modern State even more securely than the old family. Also it is to be noted that many families have no infants at all, unless possibly adult ones.

The protective function seems to be passing rapidly into the charge of all the multitudinous scientific and expert agencies, created by the recent mass of so-called social legislation. As for the recreational function, urban centers and near-urban centers present a type of dwelling, the apartment, which offers little or no opportunity for this. It is to be regretted that our generation has agreed to use the term "apartment" instead of the old-fashioned "flat." If some of the social legislation could be devoted to restoring the use of this term "flat," the true significance of the "apartment" might gradually penetrate the brains of the inhabitants. Nor is it to be imagined that such industries as professional baseball, football, radio broadcasting, etc., would look kindly upon the restoration of the recreational function.

The religious function, for many, has perished, as religion itself becomes a survival, though in the families with children moral training is still frequently carried on. This rather constant shearing of functions seems to leave noth-

ing but the affectional. This is interpreted as social and moral, in the vocabulary of these sociologists, and they seldom rise to be more explicit. It does seem difficult to be specific with such a shorn institution, but supposing such could operate a function of this nature in a "flat," modern anthropological research is proving that there is less and less of that sympathetic intercourse among people, that spirit of mutual help and understanding of other people's troubles, which are the expression of affection. What used to be called charity is now performed by the State or impersonal institutions, and this has had such results that even with Catholics it is difficult to get many to understand this term. The increase of divorce, and the indifference of many to dependent parents, children, wives, lead one to believe that love is not as prevalent as it might be, to say nothing of duty. The decay of friendships, whether because of lack of leisure, the press of mechanical amusements or of selfishness, is widely noted at the same time that there is much talk on the necessity of solidarity, group cohesion and co-operation.

Other functions of the family are still recognized. Rivers holds that the function of the family is to assign the individual born into it his place in society, seeing that even in the flux he must start somewhere. Goldenweiser adds that the family is still the transfer point of civilization, but would interpret the affectional function to include the place where adherence to group sanctions is taught.

Another loss to the family is to be found in the deliberately cultivated early sophistication of children between twelve and fourteen. In schools this is seen in the attempts to have these discuss with an aplomb a savant might envy, such things as World Peace, the Negro Problem, the Future of Science, etc., and in social life in giving to them the amusements, dress, and manners of adults. They are encouraged to think themselves adults in initiative, self-reliance and enterprise, though economically they are still dependent upon parents or guardians.

The Catholic sociologists see all this as well as others. But they would describe it not as a process of losing functions, but as the secularization of the family, and the taking from marriage its sacramental significance. However, in recognizing this have they not too often confined themselves to using old categories as applied to situations no longer existing? As the Cleveland Survey, made by the Cleveland Foundation in 1921, observed, "Our institutions presuppose a stable, home-owning, tax-paying population which has and feels a personal interest in its legal and political institutions, and bears a share in the conduct of them. Irregularity and discontinuity of employment and the consequent migration from city to city, or back and forth between city and country, preclude the sort of society for which our institutions were shaped." The Catholic would add the reason for this condition, but what has he to suggest to change the result?

He cannot change his categories, but he must recognize that they need a local habitation. He has several alternatives. He may accept the "flat," and an unstable capitalistic society, and think up new functions for the family to have under these conditions, which will accord with his

categories. He can take the "industrial solution" recently proposed by Mrs. Christine Frederick, that is, give the family financial security by capitalizing it on the same principle as a new business enterprise is capitalized, if he can reconcile this with his principles and the unstable society. He can face the fact that his moral categories cannot work in a machine age, with its multiple family wage, the specialized organization of industry, the fever of consuming more, so as to raise "standards" and keep up production; and having digested this, start the scheme of organization which will restore to the family such functions as will make it an effective *social institution*.

Such schemes have been outlined in a literary way already, but Catholic education has not yet assisted by integrating itself around the needs of the family so as to prepare public opinion for the sacrifices and reforms necessary. Perhaps Catholic education cannot yet be expected to do this until the sociologists decide what type of organization they are to favor for the family. Are they to accept for example as permanent parts of this organization, girl scouts, summer camps, to mention only two new institutions in a fair way to become established? Or what?

Here is a function for Catholic educational sociology, but fearless criticism is necessary.

With Scrip and Staff

EACH year adds to the roll of those scholars whose lives and works refute the outcry, growing ever feebler as the world grows more experienced, that Faith is opposed to (true) science.

By a curious coincidence, the death in Spain of Father Joseph Algué, S.J., on May 27 of this year, followed by only three days the deposition, on May 24, of the remains of his predecessor as Director of the Observatory of Manila, Father Frederick Faura, S.J., in the latter's native village of Artès, in Catalonia. Anxious to honor their famous compatriot, the people of Artès had sought and obtained the translation of his body. The body after its long journey from Manila, where he had died on January 23, 1897, arrived at Barcelona on April 27 of this year. On May 23 a special commemorative session was held of the Spanish Academy of Sciences, in honor of the deceased scientist.

Father Faura was indeed the father of the science of meteorology in the Philippine Islands, where he went in 1878, after studying with Secchi in Rome and Perry at Stonyhurst. His two days' prophecy of the terrible hurricane of November 20, 1879, when he succeeded in having the port of Manila closed to navigation, despite the protests of skeptics, won him immediate fame.

The earthquake of 1880 started Father Faura on his studies of seismology, which were to lead to such extensive results at Manila and its sister institutions. He was consumed throughout with the desire, as he used to say, of being some use to the poor fellows who had to sail those treacherous tropical seas, and was ready to pass on to others whatever discoveries he made. In 1882 he worked out his well-known code of storm signals, which he applied to the aneroid barometer. His power of prog-

nosis was put immediately and successfully to the test, by the hurricane of October 20, 1882, the center of which passed directly through Manila.

In 1886 he founded the practically new Manila Observatory.

The disturbance and excitement accompanying the end of Spanish rule in the Philippines were too much for Father Faura's sensitive nature, and he died after twenty-two years of unselfish labor and unremitting scientific research.

FATHER Joseph Algué was born at Manresa, in Spain, on December 28, 1856. In 1891 he paid his first visit to the United States, where he worked under Father Hagen, S.J., of the Vatican Observatory, and formed his first contacts with this country, which grew in number and importance to the end of his life.

In 1894 Father Algué went to the Philippines, and the following year, 1895, produced an extended study, geographical, ethnological, and descriptive, of the Island of Mindanao. In 1897 he succeeded Father Faura as Director of the Manila Observatory.

In the midst of all the turmoil of the Spanish-American War he found it possible to conduct a two years' study, aided by eighteen observation stations, of cloud conditions.

At the taking of Manila Father Algué was asked by the American authorities if he would remain and consecrate his services to humanity under his new circumstances. He replied in the affirmative, and the result was the formation under his direction, of the United States Weather Bureau of the Philippine Islands. While in that position Father Algué was cruelly defamed by a bigot in another United States possession, and ordered to be deposed. Since there were then no cable connections, he was unable at once to reply to the baseless charges. The storm that soon broke in Washington, headed by Admiral Dewey, General Otis, and other eye-witnesses of Algué's actual work in Manila, as well as the angry, signed protests of a multitude of Oriental business and maritime concerns, soon restored him to his former position, only with greatly enhanced prestige.

Father Algué's most popular title to fame was his famous barocyclonometer, which combined the convenience of a barometer which could be used in all the latitudes of the Far East with an exactitude far in advance of the instruments which had come on the market as a consequence of Father Faura's discoveries. In recent years, however, wireless telegraphy has considerably lessened the scope of usefulness of this instrument, which for many years was alone in its field. Algué was also the inventor of a unique transit instrument, and the author of a great variety of scientific publications. At the St. Louis Exposition in 1903 he demonstrated an immense relief map of the Philippines.

In 1926, when on a visit to Spain, Father Algué was troubled with an affection of the eyes, in view of which he was unable to return to the Philippines, but remained near the Observatory of the Ebro, in Spain, until his peaceful end.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

A Bishop and a Problem

BENJAMIN L. MASSE, S.J.

BY one of those strange tricks that history sometimes plays the early part of the seventeenth century in France, covering approximately the rule of Louis XIII, has been represented as a period of spiritual sterility. Perhaps it was the enticing temptation to throw the richness of the succeeding reign in contrast with the poverty of the first half of the century that led the historians astray. Just so, in our own history has Mary of England been tagged the "bloody" to magnify the matchless purity and sweet gentleness of the Virgin Queen. Be that as it may, it remains that the reign of Louis XIII has been badly distorted, and it is only within recent times that we have gained a true perspective of those troubled years.

Now, thanks largely to Henri Bremond and his "*Histoire du Sentiment Religieux*," we know that, while the men of the time were excessive in vice, they carried the same generous spirit into the practice of virtue. Heroism was as common as it was in the plays of Corneille; in fact, it became almost banal. We know, too, that the glorious religious renaissance that marked the reign of *Louis le Grand* had its foundation and inspiration not so much in Port Royal and its great herald, Pascal, as in the writings of Bérulle and Condren, Olier and Vincent de Paul. And, finally, we have for the first time a true picture of one of the most attractive men, and one of the most misunderstood, that ever governed a See of the Church.

I refer to the Bishop of Belley, Jean-Pierre Camus.

Jean-Pierre Camus is forever known to posterity as the cherished friend of the Bishop of Geneva. They are the Damon and Pythias of French literature, and to have one's name linked forever with that of Francis de Sales is glory enough for any man.

But Camus has a stronger claim on posterity than that. He looms up as one of the great spiritual forces of his time, a saintly bishop, an eloquent preacher and a very popular director of souls. He was the first spiritual advisor of Louise de Marillac and it was he who discovered her to St. Vincent de Paul. He has besides the distinction of being one of the most prolific writers the world has ever seen; something like two hundred volumes are credited to him. In this mammoth collection there are spiritual tracts, sermons, works of controversy and, wonder of wonders, *romans* or love stories.

Out of this miniature library, but one book is read today: "*Esprit du bienheureux François de Sales*," and as Henri Bremond fittingly says: "Happy he is to have survived by such a work, to be forever inseparably linked with the dearest of his friends." On a much holier plane it is Boswell and Johnson all over again.

As for his spiritual writings it is a great pity that they have been relegated to the limbo of literary relics. There is a wealth of sound spirituality in them and his musical prose has been compared with that of Fenelon and Bossuet and Saint-Simon.

Paradoxically enough, though his *romans* have no more

right to be read today than have Richardson's "Pamela" or Lodge's "Rosalynde" they are for us moderns in the light of our present literary controversy the most interesting part of the Bishop's output. It might not be altogether profitless to learn how the saintly friend of Francis de Sales came to devote the labors of his sleepless pen to love stories. It is not exactly what we might expect from the man who thundered against Jansenism, who had some small share in the celebrated controversy about grace and who wrote numberless sermons and spiritual books. And, yet, in the light of events, the course of Bishop Camus is easily understood.

The first years of the seventeenth century let loose a flood of romances, long tedious affairs to a modern, but acceptable enough to the volatile readers of the day. They were written expressly to distract the idle reading public and were utterly innocent of all religious substance. While amusing the spirit and thrilling the heart, they tended to kindle the smoldering flames of passion. And therein lay the danger.

The holy old Bishop was not slow to note this danger. He watched the frivolous poison eating steadily away at the spiritual life of his people and he cast about to find a solution. Being a man of common sense he saw the futility of enticing the readers with spiritual books, however sweet and consoling he might make them; and he realized, too, that storming against them from the pulpit might only result in so much priceless advertising. And then, being a man filled with that large-minded outlook on life which is peculiarly Catholic—France was still too strongly attached to the Church to be tainted with what Father Martindale calls a by-product of Protestantism, prudery—he hit upon a solution that makes us, reading of it three centuries later, gasp. The Bishop decided to write some love stories himself.

He well knew the task that lay before him. He must needs make his books as spicy and intriguing as those which he hoped to supplant; but underneath the surface there would lurk many an unsuspecting moral. He would even naively send some of his heroes and heroines to the monastery and convent. The decision made he set to work. One after another in a continual stream, the *romans* flowed from his prolific pen until they finally reached the astounding number of eighty. Somewhere Boileau has a couplet in which he marvels at the fruitful pen of Mlle. de Scudéry who, to give a modern interpretation, can write more books than Edgar Wallace. It could well be applied to Camus.

Perrault, a contemporary, has this to say of the Bishop's fiction.

"In those days, romances were the fashion. It began with D'Urfé's "L'Astrée" whose beauty was the delight and folly not only of France, but of far distant countries as well. The Bishop of Belley having come to the conclusion that this reading was an obstacle to the progress of the love of God in souls, and being cognizant at the same time that it was impossible to turn the young people away from so agreeable an amusement and one so in keeping with their age, sought to divert them by writing stories in which there was love and which would get themselves

read, but which would at the same time raise the heart imperceptibly to God. This latter would be accomplished by the insertion of pious thoughts and by Christian endings."

A propos of the same subject, Calvet, one of the foremost modern French Catholic critics has this:

"With Camus, his imagery is right in style, he wanted to present the antidote to the poison in the cup of poison. He adorned the cup with care. With a daring that surprises at times, he handles *les intrigues risquées* and leads his love scenes as far as the romancers whom he strove to displace; but everything was arranged toward an end, to a convent where he led his characters. . . . thanks to pious reflection and sermons to which they are constrained to listen."

The literary value of the *romans* is practically nil; nor is this surprising if we remember with what speed they were written. They were wordy and diffuse, and, yet, there was a verve and a healthy humor about his style that save them from being boresome. How widely they were read, I do not know, but it is significant that a school rose up to follow the Bishop's example, and incidentally produced some real fiction.

While reading about Bishop Camus, I was forcibly struck with the similarity of the condition which he grappled with, to our own. I began to wonder if he had not solved the difficulty in about as satisfactory a manner as can be hoped for. At least, he seems to have shown—and that by his example—that there is no essential conflict between morality and literary art. The facts leading to this conclusion might be rather generally stated thus:

Camus was a saintly bishop who certainly had the welfare of souls at heart. It is absolutely inconceivable that he would intentionally write a line that would be an occasion of sin, and to suppose such a thing is to do the man a terrible injustice. Being a learned bishop, a controversialist, a writer of spiritual books, he must have had at least a fair knowledge of moral theology. Then add to all this the fact that he was close to the soul of St. Francis de Sales and you have a picture of a thoroughly upright character who because of being what he was would fight immoral literature without quarter.

Now, abstracting from his Pollyanna endings—and it is reasonably doubted whether the people ever read them—we find this holy Bishop striving to rival worldly authors in the field of the love story. In the words of Calvet, who besides being a literary critic happens to be a priest as well, Camus handled *risqué* intrigues and led his love scenes as far as the secular writers. Taking the facts for just what they are, what more natural than to conclude that Camus saw no insurmountable wall dividing Catholic morality and literature. There was nothing in his sacred calling that prevented him from handling the realities of life and still steer clear of crude realism. In other words, Camus had a Catholic sense of the fitness of things and guided by it he treated subjects that were admittedly dangerous in less sacred hands with perfect security. A non-believer can so express things that the result is blasphemy; and the same things from the lips of a Catholic sound like great, reverent realities.

We are in a position now to understand l'Abbe Calvet's rather sensational application of "love and do what you will" to literature. In his opinion, a Catholic writer who knows his art, who has that intangible something he calls the *Catholic sense*, who has above all the love of God in his heart, can treat of anything under the sun and anything in hell even, too. That is the freedom he accords the true Catholic artist. If he rightly does so—and who am I to say nay—the liberty of Catholic art is safe; the only chance for controversy lies in the efforts of individuals to realize this ideal.

To go on to a logical conclusion, the important question becomes the consideration of ways and means of inculcating this Catholic sense in the hearts of those who professedly write Catholic fiction. Then without fear of moral danger they can handle life honestly and frankly even as Bishop Camus did. Suggestions for accomplishing this, I leave to more competent hands.

At any rate, in happening on this interesting old churchman of a forgotten age, I felt a curiosity rising in my soul to know what he would do were he living in twentieth-century America.

REVIEWS

The Life of Bishop Hedley. By J. ANSELM WILSON, D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$5.50.

This is not a biography in the "modern manner"; there is no second-rate psychoanalysis in it, nor any attempt at interpreting its subject in the light of some dubious, if fashionable, theory. It is the straightforward story of a good man's life, told frankly and simply, as the life itself was lived. As a boy, John Hedley entered the school, conducted by the Benedictine Fathers at Ampleforth, in 1848, and not long thereafter he pronounced his first vows as a Benedictine. From Ampleforth he was transferred to the central monastery at Belmont, where he played a large part in the spiritual and intellectual formation of the younger Religious. In 1878 he left Belmont to become Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Newport and Menevia. His life during this period was one of constant hardship but it gave him, as he said later, an understanding of his priests and a sympathy with them in their difficulties which he could have acquired in no other way. In 1881 he succeeded Bishop Thomas Brown as Ordinary of the diocese. In the territory which was later comprised in the separate diocese of Newport there were, at that time, but thirteen secular priests. When Bishop Hedley died in 1915 there were fifty-four secular priests, numerous communities of Religious, men and women, and many schools, orphanages, and industrial homes. Bishop Hedley was not an introspective man; hence he left behind him no written record of his spiritual experiences. From his letters, however, as well as from other indications it is evident that his inner life was deeply rooted in eternal truths and safeguarded by an unusually clear and honest conscience. From first to last he was a Religious and a Bishop and the obligations of those two states of life were always his primary concern. Had it been otherwise, had he been more self-centered and less concerned for the souls entrusted to him, his courage, his eloquence and his really exceptional gifts of mind might easily have made him a more prominent public figure than he cared to be.

D. P. M.

The Priest. By EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J., Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. \$2.00.

The Secular Priesthood. By REV. E. J. MAHONEY. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00.

These two volumes treat of the noblest of all human callings, man's participation with Christ in His sacred Priesthood. "The Priest" is a series of instructive and inspiring papers, chiefly of a practical turn, to help priests to a fuller attainment of the exalted

ideals of their holy vocation. In part they are reprints from various ecclesiastical journals, but more than half the chapters represent new material. The theological and cardinal virtues are discussed in their relation to the ascetic life of the priest and thoughts are offered for his meditation and consideration on his various devotional exercises and duties. Dr. Mahoney's volume is prepared with an eye especially to acquainting his fellow-Catholics in England with the nature of the sacerdotal vocation and the spiritual obligations it carries with it. While, like Father Garesché's, it is a book of priestly asceticism for the anointed themselves, it aims in addition and, in fact, primarily, to familiarize the laity with the scope of the calling to the secular priesthood and the training and ideals of seminarians. For young men contemplating the consecration of themselves to the service of the sanctuary, and for their parents and others who must guide them, two chapters on the signs of a vocation and how vocations are fostered are particularly practical. Unfortunately the author devotes much space to the pros and cons of the highly speculative and rather technical problem of the difference in the vocation to personal perfection implied in the call to the secular clergy and Religious Orders. The reader is apt to feel that Dr. Mahoney promotes the very feeling he aims to rectify by the way in which he presents the question and he is likely to conclude that the discussion is useless and scarcely unto edification.

W. I. L.

The Eternal Magnet. By SIEGFRIED BEHN. Translated and Adapted by GEORGE N. SHUSTER. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. \$4.00.

In the relatively small space of 500 pages, Professor Siegfried Behn of the University of Bonn has traced the history of philosophy from its inception to the contradictory systems of our own day. The book has been beautifully translated by George N. Shuster, who has also added very helpful footnotes. The well-informed reader will not always agree either with the original turns given to old controversies by the author, or with some of the suggestions and bibliographies supplied by Mr. Shuster. Dr. Behn, who is chiefly interested in the mystic and esthetic side of life, allows a little too much of this to get into his work, but in the main he has produced a remarkable synthesis which ought to clear the atmosphere that beclouds so much modern thinking. His chapters on Major Greek Philosophy, Scholasticism, Franciscan Philosophy, The Transition to Modern Thought, and the Decline and Recovery of Philosophy are worthy of careful study. In fact his whole treatment of modern philosophy, which occupies almost half the volume, is very suggestive and thought-provoking. His admiration for the *philosophia perennis* is founded upon an exceptional knowledge both of Scholasticism and other schools of philosophy, ancient and modern. One is of opinion that the distinguished author occasionally makes use of a terminology open to misunderstanding. At any rate it is difficult to comprehend such phrases as: "Matter is simply an *unknown* quality, different from everything else that is knowable." (p. 75) "The soul is the reality, the self-purpose, the innate purpose of the body. It is the *spirit which builds up the body for itself*." (p. 182) Professor Behn has many enlightening comments on the matter he treats. For example, in speaking of the Reformers, he points out: "Whatever the religious significance of Protestantism may have been, it bore no fruit in philosophy. Attempts to picture Hegel (who was a follower of Spinoza) as the 'philosopher of the Protestant churches' are based upon a misunderstanding of what Protestantism — at least in its primitive form — really was." (p. 333) And he goes on to say that "Luther himself denounced the 'academic nonsense of the monks' in violent phrases" until Melancthon brought him to a saner mind. Finally, what appears a serious defect in this work must be noted. One would not mention it were it not so glaringly conspicuous, occupying, in fact, the very first pages. Here the author seems to favor a naturalistic, semi-Freudian, and evolutionary explanation of the philosophical awakening of the mind of primitive man. It is hard to understand how a Catholic can take this view. With the reservations already mentioned, one heartily recommends this highly original and erudite book, and believes it will do much good. There is no comparison

between its general scholarliness and the superficiality of an outline such as Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy." R. G.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "Catholic Mind."—No calumny has been more often repeated than that which characterizes the Catholic Church as the determined enemy of all scientific progress. Father Power's lecture, reprinted in the July 22 issue of the *Catholic Mind* (America Press. 5c), is an able refutation of the slander. The author approaches his subject in a new and interesting way, and shows from a study of official utterances and historical fact how groundless and unfair the charge really is. The *Catholic Mind* also contains a learned article on "St. Augustine—Philosopher," by Charles Boyer, S.J., professor at the Gregorian University, Rome, and one of the foremost living authorities on the great Doctor of the Church. The article has a peculiar timeliness in view of the fifteenth centenary of the Saint.

Literary Models.—In order to meet the rapidly growing demand for biographical material for reading and study in college classes in literature, Robert Metcalf Smith has collected more than a dozen specimens from the works of outstanding writers to illustrate their skill in character portrayal. He calls his anthology "A Book of Biography" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00). Thomas Carlyle introduces the selections with a few explanatory paragraphs, and the editor completes the volume with some very helpful and interesting notes on the development of biography and gives directions to bibliographical sources.

"Periodical Essays of the Eighteenth Century" (Doubleday, Doran, \$1.50), edited by Dr. George Carver, professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh, presents about sixty representative selections of some twenty writers, to show that the essay reached the climax of its development as a type of literary expression during the eighteenth century, and to indicate its decline before the advents of the reviews of the nineteenth century. This volume should be helpful to students of the history of the essay and of eighteenth century literature.

Cecil A. Moore and Douglas Bush have collaborated on a volume of "English Prose: 1600-1660" (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) which makes available a group of distinguished prose selections from the literature of the seventeenth century, much of which has been difficult to obtain in convenient form. The selections are varied and well arranged, though, in some instances, serving merely as a brief introduction or an efficient guide to the original works.

Completing the cycle by bringing it into the nineteenth century, Joseph J. Reilly presents a book of readings in the "Masters of Nineteenth Century Prose" (Ginn, \$4.00). The selections are all representative and cover a wide range of subject. Dr. Reilly defends the inclusion of Froude and crowns with the title of prophets Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, and Arnold. The biographical notes, critical data, and reading guide should be of great help for teachers as well as students who are interested in this crowded period.

Mooted Problems.—A series of essays dealing with problems in modern philosophical thought makes up the content of "The Living Mind" (Lincoln MacVeagh, \$3.50) by Warner Fite. The unifying idea that correlates the chapters is that the recent tendency to reject human consciousness as traditionally understood is faulty. However, while Professor Fite takes his stand against the dangers of consciousness, he would hardly find favor in the ranks of the Scholastics, with whose philosophy he is decidedly at odds. Incidentally, although his chapters include a discussion of psychoanalysis, he has little sympathy with it; but he does defend birth control which he thinks justified not merely as an economic necessity in many instances, but as a biological dictate.

Arthur Holmes essays in "The Mind of St. Paul" (Macmillan, \$2.00) a psychological study of the great Apostle. After attempting a character portrayal and analysis of the Saint in his pre-conversion days, an explanation is attempted of the combining factors that brought about the change which made him the Apostle

of Christianity and of finding a rational basis for the different steps in the growth and development of his Christian character. The volume is written in a popular style but the author's psychology would not find favor if judged by Scholastic principles. Neither would much of his theological exposition pass muster among either Fundamentalists or Catholic scholars because of its distinct Modernistic coloring.

"Our Perfecting World," by Maneckji Nusservanji Dhalla, (Oxford Univ. Press. \$5.00) is replete with erudite and rather superfluous optimism. Dr. Dhalla considers the religious, the economic, the social, the mental and physical life of the race and professes to find evidence everywhere of a gradual, if slow, advance of good and of a corresponding diminishing of evil. He imagines that this earth of ours will eventually become a paradise. His book is fairly wide in scope and gives evidence of a comprehensive knowledge of the world's history but there is little in it to repay a scholar's reading; the facts it presents are already quite familiar and the interpretation which Dr. Dhalla places on them is scarcely well-founded.

The Pamphlet Rack.—The America Press has added to its list of pamphlets a group of five important topics under the general heading, "Stumbling Blocks to Catholicism." The subjects included are the following: "A Man Who is God," "The Confessional Bogey," "The 'Worship' of Mary," "The 'Myth' of Hell," "The Shackles of Wedlock." In these clear expositions of Catholic doctrine W. I. Lonergan, S.J., gives a valuable help to the layman who wants to be prepared to defend his Faith and supplies helpful instruction to those outside the Church who are seeking to know her teachings and surmount the stumbling blocks to Catholicism. These pamphlets cost 5 cents each. The same writer has prepared a handy and practical booklet called "Laymen's Retreats Explained" (25 cents each). After explaining the nature of a retreat and the reasons for making one, Father Lonergan quotes the testimonies not only of Pontiffs and Bishops but also of laymen who have made retreats. The chapters answering objections and difficulties, and giving facts about retreats are very practical and impressive. The unique position of the Catholic Church is explained by Martin J. Scott, S.J. in "Catholicism True as God" (5 cents each.).

The Jesuit Mission Press continues its series of stories about the Missions and the Missioners in two impressive accounts of the American Martyrs: "The Giant of God: John Brebeuf, S.J." and "The White-Robed Blackrobe: Isaac Jogues, S.J." (10 cents each) These stories are written by Neil Boyton, S.J., the favorite of live-wire Catholic boys who enjoy his stories of thrilling adventures. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., introduces "A Dream" (Queen's Work, 5 cents) by George A. Mulry, S.J. "The White Plume of Aloysius" by Alfred J. Barrett, S.J.; "I Can Read Anything" by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., and "Random Shots" by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., are recent additions to the Queen's Work Booklets which sell for 10 cents a copy.

The Paulist Press presents in its "Nickel Books" a discussion of "The Home Problem" by Will W. Whalen. The Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., writes about "The Madmen of Moscow"; the Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., questions "Prohibition—Yes or No!" and Francis Woodlock, S.J., asks "Are Anglican Ministers Catholic Priests?" This is a timely, brief, pointed, and clear presentation of an important problem.

The interest in the liturgy is given a new impetus by several excellent pamphlets published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. "The Liturgical Movement" (5 cents) is an explanation by Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., and the Rev. Martin Hellriegel, of the significance, purpose, and influence of this form of Catholic Action. "The Liturgy and the Layman" (5 cents) works out the principles set down in the previous pamphlet. "The Chant of the Church" (5 cents), by Mrs. Justine B. Ward and Dom Roger Schoenbecker, O.S.B., answers many questions of practical value for those who are interested in sacred music. "If I Be Lifted Up" (10 cents) is an essay on the Sacrifice of the Mass by the Rev. Paul C. Bussard, one of the editors of the well-known "Leaflet Missal."

Very Good, Jeeves. The Green Ribbon. The Hound of Florence. The Anvil.

Jeeves, gentleman's personal gentleman, is undoubtedly one of fiction's most resourceful schemers; Philo Vance himself would be put to it to get the better of him. But even Jeeves dwindles when his master, Mr. Bertram Wooster, of the "We Woosters," comes upon the scene. There is something cosmic about Bertie; with his thick head, his warm heart, and his way of exalting minor crises into major tragedies, he might stand for a sort of off-scale sketch of humanity itself. As for the stories in the present book they follow the general idea of those which have preceded—Bertie in trouble and Jeeves getting him out of it; but the situations are new and, as usual, ingenious. To those who like P. G. Wodehouse "Very Good, Jeeves" (Doubleday, Doran. \$1.00) is highly recommended. The author's tricks of style may seem somewhat monotonous but his essential humor is as fresh and as diverting as ever. The book will help to pass a pleasant Summer hour.

M. M. Luke, the detective of "The Green Ribbon," (Doubleday, Doran. \$1.00) is not exactly true to type. He is in love with the heroine. As a rule, the catchpools of fiction, what with having the structure of society to support and all, have no time for that sort of thing. The romance of the story does not lessen its interest, however. Edgar Wallace retains the master's touch, especially in the portrayal of scoundrels. There is a fascinating variety of them in "The Green Ribbon," one of them suave, smiling and debonair, another brutal and sottish; a third, the good old mastermind, cunning beyond belief, skilled in the distilling of subtle poisons and gifted, to boot, with the physical strength of a gorilla. But they are no match for Luke, who anticipates their plots even before they have fully thought them out and always drops in at their secret meetings to tell them so in silky, drawling tones. All in all, a highly satisfactory tale, done in the best Wallace manner and warranted to keep you awake nights, or at any rate to provoke a blood-curdling nightmare in the event that you should get to sleep.

"The Hound of Florence" (Simon & Shuster. \$2.50), by Felix Salten, is the story of the unfortunate Lucas Grassi, who every second day is transformed into a Russian wolfhound and on alternate days lives the life of a normal man. If one cares for the fantasy, which supplies the place of fairy tales for adults, they may have it in full measure in this latest work of the author of "Bambi." Florence of the Renaissance attracted the ambitious and discontented Lucas, who envied the hound that could follow the chariot of the Archduke of Austria. Touching by accident the magic ring hidden in the casement of his attic room, his wish is granted on the instant and Lucas becomes "Cambyzes", the hound, running beside the ducal chariot. But Claudia, the daughter of the Archduke, learns to love Lucas as well as her favorite "Cambyzes," and the day eventually dawns when the secret of the recurrent transformations is discovered and explained. Mr. Salten evidently delights in this pleasant fantasy, for he has decked it out in his best style and ornamented the simple plot with bits of description and points of comment that work into the pattern of an old Florentine mosaic.

Gustav Frenssen, who gained a reputation in Germany by his acclaimed masterpiece, "Jorn Uhl," has attempted to tell the story of an old German family. Their history, perhaps is symbolized by "The Anvil" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50). Herr Frenssen has been suspected of attempting a thinly veiled autobiography. For his father, it is said, owned a smithy in a little German village much like the one here described, and the trials and misfortunes and war-time adventures, like blows on the anvil, might well fit into the author's life as into the life of his hero, Otto Babendiek. But there is little in this leisurely recital to give it distinction. The characters are hardly individuals, the war adventures are without interest since they have been rehearsed too often in more vivid and energetic narratives, and the problems discussed have been the lot of everyone who lived through these trying times. On the whole, Herr Frenssen seems to have been poorly advised in his selection of a successor to his former vigorous and memorable book.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Martyrs' Shrine

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the current issue of AMERICA you state the Martyr's Shrine near Midland, Ont., can be reached from Buffalo and Toronto, Ont., over the Canadian Pacific Railway.

I would advise you the Shrine is situated three miles from Midland and can be reached only over the Canadian National Railways, who have a station at the Shrine, bearing the name of "Martyr's Shrine."

The Canadian Pacific Railway does not go nearer than Midland.

I would also state there is a first class service direct to the Shrine from Buffalo and Toronto over the Canadian National Railways.

Outremont, Quebec.

WILLIAM GORDON MACFARLANE.

[The error pointed out is only apparent. The Canadian Pacific Railway lines do stop at Midland, but use the tracks of the Canadian National Railways to reach "Martyr's Shrine."—Ed. AMERICA.]

Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some more details about the National Shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, New York will no doubt be of special interest to many readers of AMERICA, who may wish to visit Martyr's Hill where our first Saints, Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and John Lalande, received the Martyr's crown. It is easily accessible by rail, water or automobile.

Pilgrimages have been arranged from Buffalo during July and from Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Syracuse, Rome and Utica for August. The St. René Goupil group will be unveiled in the Ravine, on August 10, and the pilgrimage under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers from New York City has been set for Sunday, October 5. A very pleasant way of reaching the Shrine is by the night boat to Albany and thence by bus forty miles is Auriesville.

There is parking space and protection for a thousand automobiles outside the Shrine grounds. Those who wish to stay overnight can camp out there, or find accommodations at the Shrine Inn where there are twenty-two rooms and facilities for serving a hundred or more meals at a time.

The Rev. Peter F. Cusick, S.J., Director of the Shrine, announces that he hopes to have the new Shrine buildings completed next year. His present plans call for a circular structure surrounded by banked seats, done in modern style which will be a departure from the architecture generally employed in such projects. The material will be brick, with terra cotta trim, and the diameter will be 257 feet.

There is to be room for several thousand persons, with aisles so built that invalids may readily be brought down them in wheel chairs.

Albany, N. Y.

VIATOR.

Names of Our New Saints

To the Editor of AMERICA:

May I suggest before our habits in the matter become set, that we give our new American Saints their proper names instead of names which would appear strange to themselves in life and which are certain never to take on in Canada. Surely it is far better for us to talk of St. Jean de Brébeuf, and St. Antoine Daniel than to use names like "John" and "Anthony," which will confuse them with other saints and belie their French nationality. The millions spent for education are sadly wasted if every name is to be "translated" to the average New Yorkese. And surely it is about time that most of us knew how to write the French prefix "de," without making it into the barbarous "De" so common here.

I consider, too, that it would be far better to preserve the poetical forms of names sacred to the memories of these Fathers—Sainte Marie, St. Ignace, Ihonatiria, Ossossané and the like, than to use such nomenclature as "St. Mary's," Midland and so forth. If St. Ignace, the place of St. Jean de Brébeuf's glorious death, is now called Midland, a movement should be started to revive the old name. The Huron land, moreover, the Palestine of America, the strange distant land for which these martyrs sighed, should live with its story in the mind of every schoolboy. It is the most heroic story in America's history.

Another small point. It has been supposed that in the quotation from the "Jesuit Relations" from which the title of Benedict Fitzpatrick's "Donjon of Demons" has been drawn, Father Hierosme Lallemand and the other Jesuits elsewhere were speaking of the aborigines of the Huron land. But a careful reading of the book shows clearly that this was not so. None of the authors of the "Jesuit Relations" ever referred to the Hurons as "demons," or in any terms other than those of pity and concern. The "demons," who in the imagination of the Fathers and of the Hurons themselves made the Huron land their stronghold, were simply the fallen angels of the nether world. And it was to liberate the Hurons from the domination of these demons that the Fathers bent their efforts. It is well to make this matter clear, for misconceptions have been built upon it.

New York.

C. D. HARRINGTON.

[With regard to saints' names, it is a rather universal custom to render them in the vernacular. Thus everyone speaks of St. Joan of Arc, not of St. Jeanne d'Arc, of St. Ignatius, not of St. Ignacio, of St. Francis, not of St. Francisco. Doubtless it is much more correct to give saints the names they had in life, but then devotion to our newly canonized Martyrs must be available even for "the average New Yorkese."—Ed. AMERICA.]

The Labor Theory of Value?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Once again, in the issue of July 5, AMERICA refers to the great Labor Encyclical of Leo XIII, but neither AMERICA, nor any other Catholic paper or Catholic economist, has taken one step in advance of Pope Leo in all these forty years. Moreover reference is never made to the Pope's admonition that the fundamentals of economics are to be ascertained, matters he does not purport to set forth in the Encyclical. That AMERICA has not advanced beyond the Encyclical is evidenced by its criticism of the power trust, concluding its editorial with the query, "If what we pay for heat, light and power is controlled by companies organized for profit only, what chance has the public?"

Let the public be consoled; under a proper economic system there is only a certain amount of profit available to the capitalists, if one group gets more all others must be satisfied with less. It is to be hoped, and it is believed, that AMERICA is not interested in any capitalists as against the workers.

The ethical price for any commodity is the highest price the market will bear and is in accord with the Just Price of the Middle Ages. Of course, under the system of the Middle Ages the highest market price had to be the Just Price because under the system of that day the market price could not be an exorbitant price.

On the other hand, if we do not have a fundamentally correct economic system which Pope Leo directed that we study out, it is no advantage to the workers to have a more equitable distribution of profits among the capitalists; it is their total profits that injures the workers, not the manner of distribution of profits.

It is to be noted that Pope Leo said not a word about mere capital receiving "fair compensation," a compromising expression of all Catholic writers who claim to be his followers.

Never is the statement of Pope Leo quoted, that if men could obtain a decent living in the land of their birth they would not emigrate to foreign countries.

So long as Catholic universities maintain foreign service schools and Catholic college professors have only ridicule for one who would support the labor theory of value, there is no possibility of

Catholic approach to the purpose in the field of economics of the great Pope Leo.

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY.

[Catholic authorities do not agree with Mr. Connery's definition of an "ethical price."—Ed. AMERICA.]

"The Right to Be Defrauded"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the editorial, "The Right to be Defrauded," you contend that the "yellow-dog contract" deprives the worker of the natural right to protect himself. Does it? It does deprive him of the protection which the union affords. But is that the only bulwark between him and the rapacity of the employer? Is it not possible for society to devise protection which will be at once adequate for the worker and fair to the employer? Both need protection. Before the law, they are equal.

The union is so full of faults that it is not easy to defend it. It is fine in theory, but deadly in practice. When it can come with clean hands and make just demands for wages, hours, and working conditions, we will respect it. But when it comes, as it does, with the rapacity, brutality and unreasonableness of our experience, it deserves not praise, but condemnation.

Certainly, Leo XIII would not have approved of the union had he known what we know of its injustice and wickedness.

Has not the employer a natural right to protect himself and his property? Can any argument convince an unprejudiced man that it is wrong to hire men on the condition that they are not and will not become members of a union?

Certainly, the worker has a right to bargain for his labor. But has not the employer a right to bargain? Who wants a delegate to enter his mill and make rules for his workers? Who will tolerate, if we can help it, the impudence and arrogance which demands the discharge of a competent workman because he is not a member of a union?

Brooklyn.

JOHN L. BELFORD.

[AMERICA congratulates Msgr. Belford on not being a mill owner. If he were, he would be faced with the duty of allowing his workmen the right of *collective* bargaining, which is demanded by Leo XIII, and which is destroyed by the yellow-dog contract.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A Correction

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Your leading article "St. Augustine and the Anglican Church" in your issue of July 5 was marred by an erroneous statement: "In 1845 he (Newman) was received into the Catholic Church by Bishop Wiseman."

While the year named for the reception of Newman is correct, it is surprising that the author of the article should say that Bishop Wiseman officiated. Newman was received into the Church by Father Dominic, of the Congregation of the Passion, whose home was in Belgium, but who had been engaged in missionary work in England.

The actual reception of Newman into the Church was surrounded by incidents striking and unusual to say the least — the impending visit to Littlemore of Father Dominic who wished to bid adieu to Ambrose St. John, Newman's dearest friend for more than forty years and his closest companion at Littlemore, who shortly before had been received into the Church; the decision there and then on Newman's part to avail himself of Father Dominic's presence at Littlemore to make his profession of the Catholic Faith; the walk to Littlemore from Oxford by Father Dominic and Newman's companions who had gone thither to meet him; their arrival late in the evening, drenched to the skin by the heavy autumnal downpour of rain, for it was in October; the ceremony of the reception which followed almost immediately after their arrival, as their wet clothing was being dried by the fire.

Newman has been painted in many colors, but those who know the real Newman would be surprised if he had made his profession of the Catholic Faith before a bishop or a higher ecclesiastic.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SARSFIELD DOYLE.